

THE LITERARY WORLD.

A Gazette for Authors, Readers, and Publishers.

No. 44.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1847.

THREE DOLLARS
PER ANNUM.

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TO ADVERTISERS.

THE success of the "Literary World" has already rendered it the **BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM** for *The Trade*; and as the rates of Advertising have heretofore been in proportion to its circulation, without reference to remuneration to the Proprietors, they are obliged to adopt, for all advertisements *hereafter* offered for insertion, the following

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10. PAUL AND VIRGINIA.	Chopin.	20. LEIGH HUNT.	Margaret Gillies.

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dtifp

JOHN P. RIDNER.

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Secretary's Office, State of New York, Department of Common Schools. Albany, Oct. 14. 1845.

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C. F. HOFFMAN, EDITOR.

Reviews.

The Greatest Plague of Life; or, the Adventures of a Lady in search of a Good Servant. By one who has been "almost worried to death." Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1847.

EXAGGERATION is a human instinct; it is the bulk and adornment of all languages; it envelopes itself in every national costume and fashion: in one way or another, it enters into all national feeling, and the mode of thought in every stage of civilization. The Chinese obeys the edicts of the Brother of the Sun, rejoices in the idea of a Central Flowery Kingdom, and dates back his dynasties so as to include a large slice of the past eternity; the Orientals are hyperbole itself in long beards, turbans, wide trowsers, and broadswords—exaggeration personified, their whole figure, as well as conversation and literature, is made up of this figure of speech; the Italian and Spaniard is a walking tragedy or comedy—his everyday life is a tinsel drama of beggars, princes, lovers, assassins; the German is haunted with devils, witches, warlocks, and the uneasy ghosts of systems and theories; the Frenchman is proverbially a bundle of affectations, living a life of mock heroics, and so given to personal and verbal embellishment, that he has come to apply the same term to both, smoothing over the grossest improbabilities with the graceful term—"embroidery;" the Englishman, in sullen pride, national overbearing, and physical habits and appearance, is an exaggerated and exasperated ox, not unlike the prize beeves he delights to fatten, and, with singular barbarity, worries with dogs before slaughter; the American is an incarnation of bombast, revolving a huge morsel of tobacco in his mouth, striding across a continent, and defying the "whole creation;" and even the simple Indian, with his "Big Bear" rivers and "Great Bear" lakes, his mammoth traditions of creation, and his family christenings of "Black Hawk" and "Son of Thunder," is not exempt from this common tendency to amplify nature—to overstep fact, and indulge a little in the ground-and-lofty-tumblings of fancy.

The instinctiveness of this passion, if so it may be called, is likewise evident from its manifestations at every age of life in the individual. The commonest objects will excite in the child a degree of rapture or terror too big for utterance; youth is all explosive enthusiasm, vague yearning, vast imagining; "and then comes the lover, sighing like furnace," &c.; manhood is full of earthly schemes, too great for one life; age is distracted with the fancied ingratitude and wrong-going of the world. All history illustrates the same truth; a nation is always in a "crisis;" one panic is no sooner over, than another is started, and men are ever battling with phantoms of their own conjuring.

What is the relation of exaggeration to human progress, and human destiny; whether it is the swelling and writhing of the chrysalis, preparatory to some butterfly state, here or hereafter, we cannot stop to inquire.

Exaggeration is poetry, and poetry is exag-

geration; as any one will be convinced by reading Hazlitt "On Poetry in general." He affirms that—

"Neither a mere description of natural objects, nor a mere delineation of natural feelings, however distinct and forcible, constitutes the ultimate end and aim of poetry, without the heightenings of imagination. * * * * It does not define the limits of sense, nor analyse the distinctions of the understanding, but signifies the excess of the imagination beyond the actual or ordinary impression of any object or feeling. * * * * Let an object, for instance, be presented to the senses in a state of agitation or fear—and the imagination will distort or magnify the object, and convert it into the likeness of whatever is most proper to encourage the fear. The lover, equally with the poet, speaks of the auburn tresses of his mistress as locks of shining gold, because the least tinge of yellow in the hair has, from novelty and a sense of personal beauty, a more lustrous effect to the imagination than the purest gold. We compare a man of gigantic stature to a tower; not that he is anything like so large, but because the excess of his size beyond what we are accustomed to expect, or the usual size of things of the same class, produces a greater feeling of magnitude and ponderous strength than another object of ten times the same dimensions. The intensity of the feeling makes up for the disproportion of the objects."

The book, at the head of this notice, is an admirable take-off of the way a downright woman is wont to *take-on*—not one in whom intellect, or propriety, or cultured sense, or modesty, sways the tongue, but one in whom the mere woman predominates—impulsive, superlative, and spontaneous. As in the "Caudle Lectures"—the essence of whose art is, so to meet whatever the lectured party may do or say, that he shall thoroughly believe himself to be an ungrateful monster, and throw himself on the mercy of the court—and like the stories of "Widow Bedott," lately appearing in the Philadelphia periodicals, it is opening a new vein in light literature, wherein true character, as it is, shall speak in print as in life. Mrs. Caudle is a specimen of that style of female oratory which may be called the *Indignant*; and all must have in their mind counterparts of that amiable matron, who are always in a heroic mood—a "fine frenzy;" restless, hypercritical, and ambitious of petty power, if they can find no cause of provocation, they are equally outraged at the merest nothings. Widow Bedott is an instance of simple loquacity in low life, where it deals with the microscopic details of household economy, and the jealousies of shabby neighborhoods. Mrs. Sk-n-st-n, in the "Greatest Plague of Life," is an illustration of the *poetico-vulgar* character, in which a sort of boarding-school refinement is superinduced on a basis of low tastes and grovelling associations; and the character is quite as often to be found in republican society, as in aristocratical communities, where the perpetual effort of one grade to seize upon the skirts of a higher, would seem more to encourage this pseudo elegance, and affected ladylikeness; indeed, it is the prevailing stamp of female mind, when modified by a partial, superficial education. With no high views of "woman's mission," nor proper appreciation of married life, and life itself; without any inward sources of happiness, and destitute of that repose of character which is the hereditary boon of good family, it is too generally the case that a woman makes it the whole object of her maidenhood to display restlessly a few miserable arts and accomplishments, and the entire purpose of her after life to gain every advantage over her

husband and her equals in society. It is not at all surprising, therefore, that her conversation is highly colored with extravagance. Taking her earliest models from affected Magazine plates and stories, and faithfully copying the airs of older people, she at first assumes the fine lady, the "delightful," or the "sweet," or the "splendid creature," and afterwards carries her tones and attitudes through life, to the utter loss of that simple manner and natural dignity of womanhood, which are the only compensation for the fading charms of girlhood. An "old girl" is a monster; and where, as in the instance of Mrs. Skewton, the effort at juvenility keeps pace with age, it is a contradiction every moment worse confounded. Of the conversation and habitual feeling of such a woman of the middle classes and middle age, the "Greatest Plague of Life" is a daguerreotype copy. The book will pass for a trifling affair, good only for its fun and anecdote; but we cannot but regard it as little less than a miracle of faithfulness to nature, and success in the author's proposed object, if it be written, as certainly it is, by a man. We can imagine very smooth poetry to be written by a Mrs. Hemans, very tasteful and admirable sketches by a Mary Howitt, very theological essays by a Charlotte Elizabeth, very profound researches by a De Stael, very oracular criticisms by a transcendental authoress, but that this volume was written by a woman, seems quite impossible, however obvious: for it is incredible that a female of equal talent should so travestie her sex, and stumble on so bare-faced ambiguities and palpable entendres in every sentence; yet it is woman in every line, and must have been drawn, for the most part, from personal experience.

Our first remarks were thrown out because exaggeration, or extravagance of sentiment and expression, is the chief element in woman's conversation, and because, we conceive, "there is warrant for it." It is a common instinct, and woman, from her whole constitution, gives most play to instinct; it is a species of "poetry in general," and the female conformation is essentially poetic; her emotional part outweighs her understanding, and her corporeal is nervous, sensitive, and vibratory. The poet is simple and childlike, and so is woman, regarding everything, as she does, through a distorting and magnifying medium. How equally characteristic of the poet, the child, and the woman, is the wonder, delight, and horror, whether feigned or unfeigned, that breathes in every line of Spenser; take any passage at random—for instance, the Description of Prince Arthur's helmet:—

"His brighte helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightnesse and great terrorre hold:
For all the crest a dragon did unfold
With greedie pawes, and over all did spread
His golden wings; his dreadfull hideous hold,
Close couched on the bever, seemed to throw
From fluming mouth bright sparkles fire red:
That suddeine he arme to fiate hertes did shew:
And scaly tyle was stretched adowne his back full low."

This is true poetry; but what woman, in slip-shod talk, would not have used the same intense expression in describing the image of a dragon—"dreadfull hideous," or, at least, have assured you that it was "perfectly awful;" or how otherwise would a tenderly educated young lady speak of Amaria's babe in the arms of a bleeding mother, than these:—

"Also in her lap a lovely Babe did play
His cruel sport, instead of sorrow dew;
For in her streaming blood he did embay
His little hands, and tender joints embrow;
Pitiful spectacle, as ever eye did view!"

A little translated, it is just in the style of ordinary conversation from soprano lips. "Oh, it

was the dreadfiest sight that ever was, to see that sweet pretty babe playing so thoughtlessly in the blood, like a cruel little thing, though, of course, the poor creature didn't know what it was doing, indeed!"

The design of these illustrations is not to criticise Spenser, for this simplicity is the very zest and beauty of his poetry; nor is it to ridicule our modern Unas and Glorianas, Josephines and Matildas; it is rather to show that, with certain reservation, there is a philosophy and a propriety in superlative language, coming from them. They are, as they should be, impulsive, quick, instinctive; they should, as they do, overflow with exuberant feeling; they are, *ex seco*, the poetic gender, and not often having the faculty and power divine of genius, nor suitable education, they can but rarely be poets in print, but whatever of the volatile essence they have, must at once escape in overwrought conversation. Nor, at a certain age—sweet sixteen, or thereabouts, can this kind of extravagant exclamation and exaggerated description be carried too far; it is all in keeping with pouted lips, tossing curls, and bouncing movements—the bud of a woman is herself a little rosy burlesque on sober life. It is every way delightful to hear (or rather see) her shriek at a spider, and vociferate "murder!" at a toad; it is charming to be denounced as a wretch or a monster in revenge of a witticism, when the words come with a silver tone from a ruby mouth, or to listen to elaborate and highly colored accounts of the little nothings of everyday life; it demands no patience whatever. But your married Benedict too often discovers that there is a point where forbearance ceases; to see conversational intensity and endless superfluity carried into mature womanhood—to hear it every day of one's life from those who have no visible charms to atone for such inflictions on the ear—to find the feigned resentment, the pretty malice, the beautiful angers of the girl assuming a permanent form in the constant indignation, the affected martyrdom, the outraged ill-nature of the woman—to be overwhelmed with details in which one takes no interest, or attacked with tirades which are wholly gratuitous, is an "evil under the sun," from which a discreet man will take immediate refuge in flight (and herein lies the mystery of Clubhood). As servants to housekeepers, so this to man is, "The greatest plague of life;" and in behalf of the sterner sex, we greet this volume as an excellent antidote to the "unruly evil" under consideration, and that by showing to fair peccants the absurdity of their lingual excesses, when stenographically copied in a whole volume of the "Adventures of a Lady in search of a Good Servant, by one who has been 'almost worried to death.'" Any nervous man may safely be defied to read more than a dozen pages at one time; while the more sensitive he is, the more will he be entertained by occasionally running his eye over a few paragraphs, so vividly will he be struck by their grotesque verisimilitude to passages in actual life.

As specimens of the style, take the headings of the chapters—a decidedly original hit.

CHAPTER XI.—More about that Mr. Dick Fardon—how really and truly there was no rusting the fellow to do a single thing, for positively he spoilt everything he put his hand to (if, indeed, to do him justice, I except the boots and knives)—and how, when at last he so completely ruined my love of a piano, that actually my "Broad-wood" was only fit for fire-wood (if that), I wished to goodness gracious I had been a man for his sake—but as it was, I merely told him that such goings on would not suit me, and that he had better go and play his pranks elsewhere, for I wasn't going to put up with them any longer, I could tell him."

"CHAPTER XII.—In which I just let the reader know my opinion of that half-witted idiot of an Emma of mine—maids of all work certainly are no great geniuses at the best of times, but I declare I do think that girl had no more brains in her head than would have filled an egg-cup, for I've tried a good many servants in my day, but really and truly, she was the veriest booby that ever went out to service, though, perhaps, I ought to add, in justice to the girl, that, for a wonder, I had little or no fault to find with her in other respects.

"I've talked and I've prattled with some fifty maids, And changed them as oft, do you see; But of all the bright beauties I ever knew, Miss Emma's the maid for me!"

"*Populus Song*, with a few slight alterations by myself, and which I was forced to make, for positively all the Maids spoken of in Ballads seem to have been such pink-of-perfections, and to have come from Liangollen, and Athena, and Judah, and a pack of other such outlandish places, that it is very difficult to find any that will suit me."

"CHAPTER XIII.—I sha'n't say anything at all about what's coming in the present chapter. All I know is, that it nearly drove me stark staring mad, and often and often I have in my agony of mind been forced to exclaim, in the words of that sweet singer, Mr. Brahman, as follows:—

"Oh! (goodness gracious me) I can bear my fate no longer, E'en hope ('pon my word) is banish'd from my soul!"

"Recitative to that beautiful ballad of 'Through the forest, through the meadows,' in 'Der Freischütz,' and which, indeed, I once had the music of, for that charming girl, Miss Emily B-y-l-s, was kind enough to copy it out for me, but where it's gone to now, goodness only knows; most likely some of my beauties of servants have taken it to light the fire, or put the candles up with, or something equally pretty. All I know is, it isn't to be found in my Canterbury, and it can't have walked out of the house by itself, that's clear."

"CHAPTER XIV.—Now, thank goodness, I've come to that mischievous young monkey of a page, who certainly was more than one poor woman could manage, and literally and truly nothing less than a millstone round my neck (if I may be allowed so strong an expression), and while my hand's in, I shall just take the liberty of speaking my mind very freely about the goings on, too, of that highly-flighted beauty of a nurse (I never knew such a nurse) of Miss Sarah of mine.

"My pretty page."

"*Popular Dust*, which I remember when I was at school at Boulogne, poor Miss Rippon was so fond of singing with that impudent wretch of a French music-master, whom she afterwards ran away with; though what she could ever see in the man, is more than I ever could make out.

"With a few alterations, oh! is! We'll make a beautiful boy."

COMIC SONG.

"Of all the girls that are so smart, There's none like pretty Sally."

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

"CHAPTER XV.—Which principally consists of a quiet half hour's talk about the virtues and vices of that great big, fat, overfed, John Duffy of mine, who was the first footman I had in my service, and who couldn't have been in the house more than a week, I'm sure, before (jud-a-mercy me!) if I didn't drat the day when I first set eyes on him; for I declare the puppy had such an impudent look with him, that I never saw his face but I didn't long for the time when I should see his back. He was a pretty footman to be sure.

"And a very saucy one,

Heigh ho! Heigh ho! He walk'd so stiff, and look'd so smart, As if he own'd each maiden's heart; I could have bang'd him, for my part.

Heigh ho! Heigh ho!"

"*Popular Song*—though, in justice to the writer, I ought to add, that I have taken the liberty of adapting the last line of the highly talented poem to my highly excited feelings; for, as John Duffy never had any 'keen dart' of 'his own,' of course I couldn't go 'wishing' with the poet, that the monkey 'feel' any such fiddlesticks; though, I must confess, that when I've seen that man crawling up stairs, as lazily as if he were a black beetle, I have over and over again 'wished' to myself I only had my great big shawl-pin handy, so that I could have made him *feel* that!"

Mrs. Sk—n—et—n has her amiable moods, and in these she treats, in the first chapters, of her publisher, her artist, Mr. Cruikshank, and of her "station in life—family and personal characteristics." Here are some paragraphs in namby-pamby vein—a sort of mental moonlight that makes her father's "sweet, pretty wharf, studding the banks," and all of—

"Earth's commonest scenes appear All poetic, romantic and tender: Hanging with jewels a cabbage stump, And investing a common post, or a pump, A currant bush, or a gooseberry clump, With a halo of dreamlike splendor."

Thus she discourses:—

"My mamma, who was justly proud of the noble blood which flows in the veins of our family, brought my father considerable property; which, however, owing to his being of a very generous disposition, he soon ran through. So that when I was born, he was endeavoring to recruit his fortune, by carrying on the noble business of a merchant; and was even then possessed of several fine vessels, which used to come up the R—g—n's Canal, and be moored off the sweet, pretty little wharf of his, studding its banks."

"My education was chiefly superintended by my beloved mamma, who could not bear to part with her little 'duck-o'-diamonds' (as she would fondly call me), until I had reached the advanced age of fourteen, when my papa prevailed upon her to allow him to send me over to a highly fashionable finishing academy at Boulogne-sur-mer, in *le belle France*, where I learned every accomplishment that can adorn a lady. I soon became such a proficient in the tongue, and acquired so perfect an accent, that my schoolmistress assured mamma (when she came to fetch me home), that I could speak it 'tout-à-fait comme une natif' (that is, quite like a native of the country), and which I have found to be of great service to me in after life.

"When I was about sixteen, my personal charms began to develop themselves; and having a fine thick head of hair (of rich warm chestnut color), my mamma would make me wear it in long beautiful ringlets; and, indeed, even now my back hair is so long that it reaches much lower than my waist. My eyes, which were of light hazel, though small, were considered so full of expression, that they made up in meaning what they wanted in brilliancy, while I was blessed with such a remarkably fine, clear complexion of my own, and had such an extremely high color (which, indeed, I have retained to this day), that I have over and over again been accused of rouging (both my little girls take after me in this respect). I have my papa's nose, which is a fine Roman, and my mamma's mouth and dimple. My greatest drawback, as a young woman, was my exceedingly bashful and retiring disposition, which used to flutter me so, that whenever I was spoken to by a stranger, it invariably threw all the blood in my body into my face, so that I seldom had a word to say for myself—which failing, indeed, I never have been able to get over even to this time.

"Long before I was twenty-one, my papa had many advantageous offers for my hand, but he would accept of none of them for me; as he did not then consider me fit to enter upon the stormy path of matrimonial life, for my dear foolish mamma would never allow me to attend to the housekeeping, from a pardonable pride she felt in her illustrious descent. So that, as things turned out, perhaps it was better that I did not get settled until I had nearly attained my twenty-sixth year.

Her "moral reflections" at the close of certain chapters, are profoundly touching, as, for instance, after the account of her marriage; if models were needed, it might be proposed as such to boarding-school Misses in the pangs of "composition."

"*My moral reflections after writing the above*—How beautifully fitting an emblem and becoming an ornament is the orange flower for the virgin bride! For does not its milky purity tell long, long tales of the snow-like affection of the generous maiden who is about to give away her heart to one whose love she has yet to try? Is it not the silver blossom of a tree that bears rich and golden fruit? And is it not left to man to say whether by casting on the virgin bud the sunshine of his smiles, he shall ripen it into sweetness; or, by withholding them, she shall remain sour after her green youth has passed away? But, ah! how many a tender young wife, who at the altar sighs that her buddin

hopes may grow into the sweet fruit of St. Michael, finds them, in the end, alas! only converted into the bitter ones of Seville."

With respect to the subject matter of the book, the author's purpose is more disguised than the "mighty-flitty" manner which he imitates. His object evidently is, not so much to show up the rascality of servants, as of mistresses, with whom the blame lies quite as often as with the former; if dependants are treated with unfeeling exaction and suspicion, they will necessarily become hypocritical, unfaithful, and dishonest; and in our lady of Duverney Villa, we have the model of a mistress whom every servant, good or bad, would soon choose to dismiss—no doubt such an one is the greatest plague of life to the poor creatures. Inhumanity or even incivility, on one side, will destroy every noble trait in the other; the idea that a class of people "must be kept down,"—"made to know their proper place,"—"that kindness is thrown away upon them," is the secret of their turbulence wherever it is put in practice. There is a certain dignity of nature which cannot be offended in the meanest; and until the Golden Rule of Christ is adopted by those in household authority, coupled of course with mild decision, the housekeeper's proverbial plagues will never be abated. And even then—until our wise generation of "thinking Americans" can be made to understand that the condition of domestic service is after all only a *division of labor*, and not necessarily the "menial" degradation which the feudal associations of former states of society in foreign countries have arbitrarily attached to the position—there is no hope of perpetuating the now necessary system of hired "help," but in the tempting attraction of money to the poor; and this temptation, as all American housekeepers who employ American servants will witness, is of short duration, so little is the permanent securing of a good girl or man to be depended upon, after they have collected together sufficient earnings to gratify a few immediate, and often foolish caprices. Under the transmitted prejudices and absurd notions prevailing among us about domestic service, the better class of laborers can always find, what is considered "more honorable employment" in factories or trades—at least out of the cities; so that, if, in the old world, servants are the sorest vexation, much more are they here. Indeed, on this side of the water, foreign servants, notwithstanding their duplicity and pilfering disposition, are much preferred to native; they are the least of two evils under the present system. On the whole, we know not how this hard matter will be got over in "the good time coming;" but if we have any squinting towards some sort of Community System—some kind of ant-hill or rabbit-burrow theory of society, with a Graham diet to carry out the resemblance and the purpose, it is solely for the sake of equally "worried" ladies and waiting-women.

Of all thievish expedients, that of Mrs. S.'s second servant, Mrs. Burgess, is the most comical:—

"I couldn't have left Mrs. Burgess more than five minutes, and was just going to put myself to rights a bit, when I heard a most tremendous scream in the kitchen, and on going down, found the poor woman was nearly fainting (the deceitful baggage!), for she told me she had just seen a great rat as big as a Shetland pony scamper across the scullery. This, of course, put me all of a twitter, and made my blood run quite cold down my back, for I didn't know that there was a rat in the place; and, as Mrs. Burgess observed, with great truth, but bad grammar, "we

hadn't never so much as a cat in the house, and that if I didn't keep my eyes about me, I should find myself swarming with vermin before I knew where I was." Then she was kind enough to tell me that she had got a beautiful Tom at home, which I was perfectly welcome to if I liked; for that though she loved the animal as much as if it were her own flesh and blood, still dear mother had been such a true friend to her, that she really couldn't think of keeping the cat from me; especially, as she said, Tom was such a capital monsieur, that he'd soon clear the place, and, besides, he was so tame, and had been so well brought up, that he was more like a Christian than a dumb animal; for I should find that he *would take anything from me* (and so I did, with a vengeance: though I really believe now that the cat had no finger in it after all: but that that smooth-faced old Mrs. Burgess had only brought the animal into our establishment for the worst of purposes—and, what's more, that the tale she told me about the rat was all a cock-and-a-bull story, and made up just to get her Tom into the house, so that she might use the cat as a cloak for her own shameful practices).

"After Mrs. Burgess had taken in the milk that afternoon, the poor woman—who appeared very fond of me—would run round and fetch her fine Tom; and when she brought him, I do think he was the prettiest pet I ever saw. He was so black, that really his coat was for all the world like your hat; and the dear had got three such beautiful white stockings on his feet, and as fine a frill round his neck as I ever beheld in all my life. Nor can I omit to mention Tom's sweet pretty whiskers, which stood out on each side of his face just like two shaving brushes; so that, indeed, taking the animal altogether, I really don't think I ever saw so fine a cat. I declare he was quite a duck.

"Edward was very good humored, for once in a way, when he came home to dinner that evening; and it was quite a treat to see him at table, for I never knew him eat so much since we'd been married. I must have helped him three times if I helped him once. As for myself I do think it was the sweetest and tenderest leg I ever put my lips to, so that even I was tempted to make so hearty a meal, that I felt quite heavy after dinner, and could scarcely keep my eyes open till tea-time.

"When I went down stairs to see about the tea things (Mrs. Burgess always left immediately after she had cleared away the dinner), it was very strange I couldn't find the milk anywhere, though I saw Mrs. Burgess take it in herself; and when I went to get out the butter, if that wasn't gone as well—a whole half pound, as I'm a living woman, of the best fresh, at sixteen pence, that I had sent Mrs. Burgess for that very evening! This put me in a nice state, for I had no more fresh in the house, and could give Edward nothing else but salt with his tea, which I knew he couldn't bear the taste of; though, even when I went to look after that, I could very easily see that some thief had been fingering it into the bargain. I made up my mind, of course, that it was that wretch of a Tom, and I tried to catch him, so that I might rub his nose on the dresser, but the thief was too quick for me, and I could have given him it well, I could.

"I thought it best, for the sake of the poor cat, not to say a word to Edward about it; so I made him a round of nice hot toast, and put on it as little as I possibly could, in the hopes that he wouldn't discover it. But my husband no sooner put the toast to his mouth, than he declared it was cart-grease; and when I told him about the loss of the milk and fresh butter, he threw it all in my teeth, and I caught it just as I expected. After which we got to high words again, and I said that I had nothing to do with the bothering milk and butter, and I didn't see why he should go laying it all on my back in the way he did. What occurred afterwards I will not state; for it is all forgotten, though I cannot say forgiven; for I remember—but never

mind, I won't say anything more about it at present.

"But my distresses about that brute of a Tom were not to rest here, for what between him and my husband, they led me a very pretty dance I declare, and to as nice a tune as I ever heard in all my life.

"In the morning, when I went down stairs to see about dinner, Mrs. Burgess told me that she couldn't think what on earth could have come to the remainder of our mutton, for it wasn't to be found anywhere, and she really believed that rogue of a Tom of hers must have walked off with our leg in the night; adding, that she regretted to say that he had been a dreadful thief ever since he was a kitten. But I told her that it couldn't be the cat, because he had left no bone behind him. Still, as she very wisely observed, most likely he had buried it in the garden, or somewhere about the house; and so indeed it turned out, for Mrs. Burgess brought me the bone the very next day, picked as clean as if a Christian had done it, and which she said she had found in the coal cellar early that morning.

"This loss of the mutton annoyed me very much, for Edward had set his mind upon having the remains of it with pickles for dinner that day. So I was obliged to send Mrs. Burgess out to get a pair of nice soles, and a pound and a quarter of tender beef-steaks, so that I might stew them (meaning, of course, the steaks, and not the soles).

"In the middle of the day one of Mrs. Burgess's little boys came to see her, and I was surprised to find what a nice, clean, sharp, intelligent lad he was for his station in life; for his mother said that, young as he was, he could turn his hand to anything. And he couldn't have left the house above half-an-hour, when up Mrs. Burgess came, apparently quite out of breath, and told me that while she was throwing up the cinders on the kitchen fire, that plague Tom had jumped on the dresser and galloped off with a whole sole and a large piece of the beef-steak—and that though she ran after him as quick as she could, that he had scampered up the kitchen stairs, and she only got to the garden in time to see him leap right over the wall with the things in his mouth. After a few moments' deliberation I went to the bedroom closet, and getting Mr. Sk-n-sl-n's little gold-headed cane, determined to pay master Tom out well for his sly tricks (I can't bear deceit whether in cats or human beings); and hiding the stick behind my back, I went into the garden, and called Puss! Puss! Puss! in my sweetest voice, as if I had got something nice to give him; when lo and behold! my gentleman, who had found his way back, came marching up from the kitchen as coolly, I declare, as if he had been doing nothing at all (as indeed I verily believe now the poor thing had not). When he came within arm's length of me I gave him one or two such good smacks as he wouldn't forget in a hurry—though it hurt me a good deal more than it did him, to lay my hands upon the poor dumb animal.

"When Edward found it all out, of course he flew into a passion, as usual, and went on in such a way that I was obliged to tell him, even though he was my husband, that he was no man; and he vowed that the animal shouldn't pass another night under his roof, and that Mother Burgess (as he would call her) should take the brute and drown it that very night. Then he had her up and told her as much; and the poor woman, with tears in her eyes, consented to do so; for as she very truly said, it was so dreadful to have a thief in the house, that if Tom wasn't made away with, she was afraid we might get to suspect her—and that after what we had lost, much as it might go against her, she would do as Mr. S. desired, and see the creature safe at the bottom of the Regent's Canal before she went to bed that night.

"When I went down to let the woman in the next morning, I was never so surprised in all my life as to find her fondling the cat, whom

she said she had found on the door-step with the very brick-bat tied to his neck which she told me she had put on before throwing him into the water overnight—though how on earth he could ever have managed to have got out of the canal alive and crawled back to our house with that great thing round his neck, is more than I've ever been able to comprehend. Mrs. Burgess agreed with me that it was perfectly wonderful; adding, that after all she had put upon him, the poor creature's life certainly must have been spared by some superior power for some hidden purpose; so she begged of me in a most touching manner to try poor Tom for a few days more, as perhaps it would be a lesson to him, and he would go on better for the future. I really hadn't the heart to refuse, though I determined to keep it a secret from Edward, for I knew that he wouldn't rest easy in his bed until he had killed the animal. So I kept Mrs. Burgess's Tom unknown to my husband, until it was impossible to keep him any longer, for really the things that creature would do, and the articles he would steal, no one would credit. It seemed to be more like the work of a Christian than a dumb animal. If we had a fowl for dinner, and I missed it in the morning, the cat was sure to have taken it;—if the tarts disappeared, the cat had eaten them;—if the flour ran short, the cat had upset it;—if I missed a silver spoon, the cat must have hidden it;—if any of the crockery or glass was broken, the cat had knocked them down;—if the cask of table ale was empty long before its time, why the cat had pulled out the spigot. In fact, nothing was missed that the cat didn't take, and nothing was broken that the cat didn't break."

A catastrophe occurred under the reign of Norah Connor, an Irish fury, and successor to Mrs. Burgess:—

" As for the matter of that Norah's potatoes, too, I'm sure I couldn't see anything so wonderful about them. But, of course, Mr. Edward must go thinking them dressed so beautifully, just because they came up in their jackets; though for my own part, I never could bear the look of the things in their skins; and what's more, it wasn't decent to have them coming to table in such a state. And the next day I told my lady as much, adding that she would be pleased to peel the potatoes before bringing them to the parlor for the future, as they were only fit for pigs to eat in the way she sent them up. Whereupon the Vixen flew into *such* a rage, and abused and swore at me in *such* a way, calling me everything that was bad, and declaring that she would pay me out for it. And then, in the height of her passion, the spiteful fury, with the greatest coolness in the world, emptied all the dripping out of the frying-pan she was doing some soles in, right into the middle of the nice, brisk, clear fire, and created such a blaze, that I'm sure the flames must have been seen at the top of the house. Knowing that it was just upon our time for having the chimney swept, I felt certain that it must be on fire; and when I rushed out into the garden, there it was, sure enough, raging away, and throwing out volumes of sparks and smoke, just like the funnel of a steam-boat at night-time—with such a horrid smell of burning soot, that all the little boys came running from far and near up to our door and shrieking out, Fire! Fire! like a pack of wild Indians.

" When I went back into the kitchen, the spiteful thing was impudent enough to tell me just to look there and see what I had made her do wid my boderations (as she called it), adding, 'that it wasn't herself, though, that would be aither desarting me in my distress.' Feeling, however, that it was not the time to talk to her just then, I made her take out every bit of fire there was in the grate, and after that I told her to run up to the top of the house with a couple of pails full of water, and to get out on the roof and pour it all down the chimney as quick as she could.

" Up she went, while I waited below all of a

twitter, expecting every minute that I should have a whole regiment of fire-engines come tearing up to the door, and putting us to goodness knows what expense for nothing; when all of a sudden I heard the water come splashing down right into the parlor overhead, and saw in an instant that that stupid thing of a Norah must have got blinded with the smoke up above, and mistaken the chimney, so that she had gone pouring it down all over my beautiful stove in the dining-room. In an instant I put my head up the kitchen chimney and hallooed out to her as loud as ever I could, 'No—rah! you must pour it down here.' I declare the words were scarcely out of my mouth when down came such a torrent of water and soot, right in my face and all over my head and shoulders, and down my neck, that anybody to have seen me would have sworn some one had been breaking a large bottle of blacking over my head; while immediately afterwards, as if only to make matters worse, I heard a tremendous shout in the street, and on running to the window I at once knew that the parish engine was at hand: for, tearing along the pavement on the opposite side of the way was a whole regiment of, I should say, twenty or thirty little dirty boys pulling at a rope, and dragging along a nasty, ugly, red, trumpery little machine, which, I'm sure, if the house had been in flames, could have been of no more use to us than a squirt upon four wheels; while the mischievous young urchins kept hurring away as if it was a good bit of fun, and little thinking that what was sport to them was (as with the toad in the fable) near upon death to me, and a good bit of money out of my pocket into the bargain.

" When Norah Connor came down and saw what pretty pickle both my cap and face were in, the only thing she did was to cry out, 'Och, murther, I never saw such a fright as ye look. What on airth have ye been gettin' up to now?' and when I told her what had happened, she actually had the impudence to add that 'sure an' I wasn't fit to be trusted alone for two minutes together.' And then, seeing the parish engine at the door, she wanted to go—and I declare it was as much as ever I could do to prevent the fury—rushing out, and (to use her own words), 'larruppin' the Badle—just to tache the dirty blaggeard not to come robbin' the maither agin in that way.'

" However, I was determined not to have the door opened; so after the beadle had hammered away at it like a trunk-maker, for better than half an hour, he grew disgusted and went off with these impudent young monkeys of boys, and that stupid little watering-pot of a parish engine.

" When I went into the parlor, it was in such a dreadful state that really it is impossible for me to give my readers any idea of the dirt and filth about it—unless, indeed, I were to say that it was as grubby as one of my father's coal-barges. I saw that I had got a very pretty week's work cut out for me, and how Norah would ever be able to get through with it all, I couldn't say. As for my beautiful bright stove, it was as rusty and as brown as a poor curate's coat, and the hearth-rug was as black as the face of that impudent cymbal-player in the Life Guards."

Miss Norah becomes very patriotic:—

" But in a short time *that* Norah gave me such a dose, that not knowing what she might treat me to after it, I really should have been worse than a child if I had taken it quietly. For one afternoon I was in the kitchen, and if the hussey didn't spill a whole basinful of water on the floor, and then actually seemed in no way inclined to wipe up the slop on the boards, so I begged she would just take a cloth, and do it immediately. But the minx replied, 'Och! sure an' don't it always soak in, in my country,' which was a good deal more than I felt I ought to put up with. So I told her very plainly, 'that her country, then, whatever it was, must be a filthy dirty place, and only fit for a set of pigs to wallow in.' No sooner were the words out of my

mouth, than she turned round sharp upon me, and shrieking out, 'Hoo! hubbaboo!' (or some such savage gibberish), seized the kitchen carving-knife, which was unfortunately lying on the table, and kept brandishing it over her head, crying out, 'Hurrah for ould Ireland! the first jin of the sa!—and a yard of cowld steel for them as spakes agin' her!' Then she set to work, chasing me round and round the kitchen table, jumping up in the air all the while, and screaming like one of the celebrated wild cats of Kilkenny. I flew like lightning, and she came after me like anything. I declare the vixen kept so close to my heels, that I expected every minute to feel the knife run into me between my shoulders, just where I had been cupped when I was a child; and the worst of it was, there wasn't even so much as a dish-cover or a sauceman-lid near at hand that I might use as a shield, and I couldn't help fancying that every moment my gown would go catching in one of the corners of the table, and that the fury would seize hold of me by my back hair in a way, that even if I wasn't killed by the fright on the spot, would at least turn my head for life. But, luckily, being a slighter-made woman than Norah, the breath of the tigress failed her before mine did, and while she stopped to breathe a bit, I rushed up the kitchen-stairs—shot into the parlor—locking and bolting the door after me—and threw myself into the easy chair, where I sat trembling like a blancmange, determined not to leave the room until Edward came home, when I would certainly tell him all about Norah's wicked behavior to me. And yet, after he had told me so often as he had that he hoped the subject would drop, I declare I was half afraid to throw myself upon him for protection."

Men, generally, do not feel responsible for faults of physiognomy; but that there is human accountability somewhere on this score, is evident from the following recipes of Mrs. B—ff—n:—

" I wish any one could have seen my dear, dear mother—I can assure them it really was a treat worth living for—sitting by the fireside, with my little unconscious angel in her lap, and pulling down its sweet little nose, so as to seduce it into symmetry. She told me the first duty a mother owed to her infant was to pay proper attention to its nose, as really, at that tender age, it was as plastic as putty, and could be drawn out just like so much india-rubber; indeed, Nature, she might say, seemed to have kindly placed the child's nose in its mother's hands, and left it for her to say whether the cherub should be blessed with an aquiline, or cursed with a snub. I had to thank herself, she said, for the shape of mine; for when I was born, she really had fears that it would take after my father, and his was a bottle; so that it was only by never neglecting my nasal organ for an instant, and devoting every spare minute she had to its growth and formation, that she had been able to rescue it from the strong likeness it had, at first, to my father's. And she begged of me to carry this maxim with me to my grave—'That noses might be grown to any shape, like cucumbers; and that it was only for the mother to decide whether her infant nasal gherkin should be allowed to run wild, and twist itself into a "turn up," or should, by the process of cultivation, be forced to grow straight, and elongate itself into a Grecian.' And then the dear, good body informed me that, touching the dear cherub's eyes, I should find that they would require a great deal of looking after—indeed, quite as much as the nose; for all children naturally squinted, and she thought nothing on earth looked so dreadful and vulgar as to see a pair of eyes wanting to go different ways, for all the world like two perverse greyhounds coupled together; and she was convinced that goggle-eyes and swivel-eyes, and, in fact, every other variety of eye but the right, merely arose from bad nursing. Consequently, I ought to be very careful not to allow any nurse with even so much as a cast to enter my service, until my little dear

had learned to look straight before it. And, above all, I was to be very particular, for some time to come, never to permit my little patsy wetsy to look over its head, for fear its eyes should become fixed in that uncomfortable position, and I should have my poor little girl walking about with them always turned up like a Methodist preacher. Then she begged of me, as I loved my baby, never to allow it to yawn without putting my hand under its chin, to prevent it dropping its jaw, or I should have the misery of seeing my eldest daughter going through the world with its mouth always open, like a carriage-dog, or one of the French toy nut-crackers. Moreover, she said she hoped I would be very particular with the little darling's little wee legs; for if I should be imprudent enough to rub them downwards, as sure as her name was B—ff—n, I should have the pleasure of seeing them in after life with no more calf to them than an ostrich's; whereas, if I took care to rub them upwards every morning, then, when she grew up, I should have the satisfaction of beholding the dear with as fine a pair of legs as an operadancer, or, she might say, a fashionable footman. So that, by the time dear mother had finished her instruction, I plainly saw, from what she said, that Nature had not done half its duty to babies, but had sent them into the world with their joints as imperfectly put together as cheap furniture, and that if the greatest care wasn't taken with them, they would be as certain to warp in all kinds of ways as any of the other articles which are puffed off as such temptations to persons about to marry."

After trying, successively, a coquette, a rope-dancer, and a gossip, our authoress finds in "Miss Betsy" an incurable novel-reader:—

"For, upon my word, often and often have I, after ringing two or three times for the sentimental *lady*, gone down in the kitchen, and found her with a snuff to the candle as big as a toadstool, and all of a tremble like an Italian greyhound, over the 'CASTLE FIEND, or the Fate of the Loved and Lost, and the Ten Mysteries,' or some other powerfully written nonsense; and if in my vexation I snatched it from her hand, I was sure to find that, instead of minding the needlework I had given her, she had been wasting the whole evening with such stuff as this:

"Hush! some one comes," said the Baron Mavaracordo to Canon—a man of strange aspect and apparel—as they were seated in a richly decorated room in Strademoor Castle.

"My Lord," said a man-at-arms, "there come three travellers through the storm, and demand admittance to the castle."

"Do they proclaim their calling and degree?"

"They do not; but in the name of hospit'ly as wanderers, they demand admittance. One is a female, but they are well mounted; and one looks warlike, although clad not in the garments of a knight." (Clad not! Pretty talk for a common soldier—of the dark ages, too.)

"Admit them; and, with all imaginable speed; show them to the painted closet. I will see them there."

"When the man-at-arms had left to perform his errand, the Baron turned to his companion, and said—"It is they."

"It is they!—is it they indeed? There's soul-stirring interest for you, all about your grand Baron Mavaracordos, who can't speak even good grammar, and Italian gentlemen of astrological skill, who declare, that 'if by the occult sciences that are familiar to them they can only find the knave who threw this here, he should suffer such pangs he dreams not of.'

"And, bless your heart, she hadn't been in the house a week or so before, I declare to goodness, I don't think there was a saucepan in the place that hadn't its bottom burnt out; for there she would let, no matter what it was, boil and boil away till there wasn't a drop of water left; for what did she care about the fish or the potatoes so long as she could have a quiet half hour's cry over the 'Black Pirate,' or else be finding out what became of 'Mary, the Primrose Girl,' instead of looking after my greens. It's a perfect miracle to me, too, that we were not all of us burnt in our beds; for when she found that I

was one too many for her, and throwing her 'Heiresses of Sackville,' and her 'Children of two Fathers' behind the fire as fast as she got them, then she must needs go reading in her room half the night through, and smuggling either 'The Gipsy Boy,' or else 'The Maniac Father,' up to bed with her of a night, robbing herself of her proper rest, and me of my candles; and even when I took care to see that she had only an end just long enough to light her into bed, why then, drat her impudence, if the nasty toad didn't burn all the kitchen stuff she could lay her hands upon in the butter-boat, with an old lamp-wick stuck up in the middle

"How on earth the horrid silly could ever have managed to pay for all the works she took in out of the wages I allowed her, and what in the name of goodness she could ever have thought was to become of her in her old age, it would, I'm sure, take a much wiser head than mine to say; for, independently of being a constant subscriber from the commencement to most of the penny novels, I declare nothing would please her stuck-up literary ladyship but she must needs take in a newspaper of her own every week, and be a constant reader of the 'Penny Sunday Times,' though what to gracious she could have seen in the thing, I can't make out. Positively it used to make me shudder all over, and the blood run quite cold down my back, to see the large, staring, frightful engraving that there was always in the middle of its front page. For as true as each Saturday came round, there was sure to be some great brute of a man, in a Spanish hat and a large black cloak all flying about, striking some very grand theatrical attitude, and flourishing over his head a big carving-knife, to which three or four heavy notes of admiration were hanging, while a poor defenceless woman lay at his feet, with her throat cut as wide open as a cheese, and writhing in a pool of ink; and the beauty of it was, the thing always had some grand title, like 'The Earl in his Jealous Rage slaying the Lady Isoline'."

John Duffy, the footman, was obtained by a counterfeit illness in this way:—

"And so I went on with my severe attack of Neuralgia, getting worse and worse, and making my grand Turk breakfast by himself, and dine by himself—and get out of bed at all hours of the night to give me my delicious tinctures, and never even condescending to speak to him, unless it was to tell him, with a sigh, how ill and weak I felt,—and that I knew it was all owing to my over-exertions about the great big house,—and continually reminding him too that he had only himself to blame for it, as I had given him fair warning of what would be the consequence of his unfeeling meanness,—and then asking him quietly whether it wasn't better now to pay the money for a footman, instead of seeing his poor, dear, fond, foolish wife suffering so acutely as she was, and having to pay, at least, double or treble as much in those horrid doctor's bills for her,—and so I went on, I say, until, upon my word, one Monday evening (for I remember Mr. Edward had the boiled knuckle of veal cold for dinner which I'd given him hot on the Sunday), I was lying on the sofa groaning away, and my gentleman was seated by me after dinner, looking quite repentant, and asking me whether I thought Mr. J—pp was doing me good, and a whole troop of other civil things, when I said—with a sigh that seemed to cut him to the quick, thank goodness!—'It's too late now, Edward dear; I told you I was sinking fast, but you wouldn't believe it then, and now I feel satisfied that I sha'n't trouble you with my presence here much longer.' 'For Heaven's sake! Carry, my love, don't go on in that way!' he exclaimed, pressing my hand between his two palms. 'Is there anything I can get for you, dearest?' 'That footman I spoke to you about,' I replied, 'perhaps might have relieved me at one time; but now—I added, as if in pain, 'there is no hope. You will be kind to my little darling tootle-tootle-lumpy, when its poor dear mother's no more, and take care when the little

trot grows up that she's not killed in this great big house for want of a footman.' Here then Edward gave two or three pathetic snivels, and commenced feeling for his pocket-handkerchief. So as I saw he was beginning to melt, I continued, in a low, solemn voice, 'When I am gone, promise me, Edward—you won't marry again—and you will put upon my tombstone that I was a "TENDER AND AFFECTIONATE WIFE," and "UNIVERSALLY REGRETTED"—and now I come to think of it, Edward dear, it would look charming if you were to add those beautiful lines of "Affliction sore long time I bore," and wind up with "she fell a martyr to the want of a footman," brought in nicely somehow.' This, I'm proud to say, was a severe home-thrust; and on looking at my fine gentleman, if I didn't see a beautiful little tear in the corner of each of his eyes; and thank goodness, by staring as hard as ever I could at one of the roses in the carpet, and drawing the air in up my nose, I was lucky enough to squeeze out two or three tears myself, so that at last I worked upon the hard-hearted monster's feelings in such a way, that he turned round and told me if I thought a footman would be any relief to me, for goodness sake to get one, only I was not to give way to low spirits as I did. But I merely answered, 'No, thank you, dearest, dearest Edward; you must not go to any expense to please me in my last moments—you cannot afford it.' 'Do not say so, dear Carry,' he answered, 'you must and shall have one!' 'No, no,' I replied, groaning as if in severe agony; 'you cannot afford it, and I will not listen to it.' 'What!—not to please your own Edward, my lamb,' he said, in a low voice, putting his lips close to my ear. 'To please her own Edward,' I returned, with affection, 'his lamb will do anything; and then throwing my arms round his neck, I put an end to that awkward business."

But Duffy was resolved to "live to fight another day":—

"Well! like a thrifty housewife as I am, I had half made up my mind to have one of the great hulking pet's haunches, with red currant jelly, for dinner the next Sunday, while it was nice and young and tender, when dear mother luckily called in to see me, and I thought I would consult with her on the subject. On going to the window, to show her what prime condition the darling was in, I declare, if the brute hadn't got away from the apple-tree, and wasn't right in my flower-bed, making a hearty meal off the few double stocks and sweet-williams I had in my garden, and which I prided myself so much upon, and the Simmonds's were so jealous of. I gave a slight scream, and rang the bell for that dare-devil of a Wittals, knowing that it was no good looking for any assistance from that chicken-hearted stupid of a Duffy. But, of course, Wittals, as is always the case when he's wanted, had slipped out after some more of that sweet sticky stuff, which I'm continually obliged to be taking away from him, and eating myself, to prevent him from spoiling his livery. So, as I couldn't stand still and see my beautiful sweet-williams eaten up before my very eyes, I ran down the garden steps, and catching hold of the end of the rope tried to drag the woolly cannibal back to the apple tree. But no sooner did I tug the wretch away from the flowers, than off it set scampering round and round me, until, I declare, it wound the cord all about my poor legs, for all the world as if I had been a peg-top, and it meant to send me spinning, which sure enough, whether he meant it or not, it did. For, directly it got my feet bound fast together with the rope, so that I couldn't stir an inch, 'the wicked mutton,' as Mr. Duffy called it, rushed full butt at me, and immediately up went my legs, and down I came bump on the grass, with a force that I felt for months afterwards. I set to screaming directly as loud as I could for mother and Duffy, and kicking with all my might, for, my legs being tied, I of course couldn't get up, and there was the savage brute poking away with its horns,

like the prongs of a pitchfork, at the cotton tops of my silk stockings. At last, just as I'd got my poor feet free from the rope by my continued kickings, thank goodness! I heard the garden door slam to, and knew, by Duffy's puffing and blowing, and Mother's 'pshewin' away like a rocket, that assistance was at hand. But, alas! no sooner did the rampant beast catch sight of that Duffy's red plush thingumybob, than attracted by the color, I suppose, off it scampered towards the porpoise; and no sooner did that coward of Duffy catch sight of the rampant beast coming full gallop towards him, than he let fall with fright, the broom he had come armed with to my help, and taking to his fat legs, ran round the garden, blowing like an asthmatic grampus, with the wicked mutton tearing after him like a woolly maniac. Just as he had got within a yard or so of me, and I had managed to raise myself on my hands and knees, oh! lud-a-mercy me! the savage brute rushed full butt at him with such force, that the great fat hulking monster cried out, 'O—oo!' and was pitched sprawling right on to my poor back, and down I went again, flop, with such force, that if the fellow, though no sylph, hadn't been as plump and soft as a feather bed, I do verily believe I should have been taken up a human pancake, and had to have been buried in one of the cracks in Dover cliffs, or some such horrible out-of-the-way place.

"Poor dear respected mother, who up to this moment had been very prudent, and never left the garden steps, the very minute she saw that that Duffy had fallen over me, and that 'wicked mutton' jumping with all his might a-top of Duffy, rushed down to our rescue, shaking her handkerchief, like a stupid old thing as she is, for she ought, at *her* time of life, to have known that it would only have made the infuriated beast wilder than ever. And so to her cost it did; for no sooner did the animal see her, than at her it ran, and, just as she got close to our beautiful large variegated holly-bush, it gave such a poke at her, that back the dear respected old soul went, right into the middle of the horrid prickly shrub, and there the brute stood, butting away at her, and pushing her further and further into the bush, until, what with the agony of the sharp prickles at her back, and the fear of the furious animal's horns in front, I declare the poor dear old thing screamed in such a way, that it cut me to the quick; when I'd kicked and tumbled that mountain of a Duffy off my back, to fly for my own life, and turn a deaf ear, not only to her heart-rending cries, but also to her pathetic entreaties to bring either the kitchen poker or the spit, and drive the mad beast from her. And well can I understand her screaming now, for when that monkey of a Wittals came in again, and he'd got my dear respected mother out of the holly-bush, upon my word, if the poor old soul's back wasn't pierced all over with the fine pointed prickly things, and as full of little holes as a captain's biscuit! and no wonder; for, as luck would have it, she'd got on my thin, fine Swiss cambric dress, which, having been quite spoilt at the washing, I had kindly made her a present of on her last birthday."

Aside from the shout-provoking fun on every page of this book, it is of far more practical value than any "Young Wife's Own Book," or "Advice to Married People;" every tempestuous wife, every officious mother-in-law, every hood-winked husband may here see themselves as others see them. We await from the same inimitable pen, the "new monthly work, entitled "Whom to Marry, and How to get Married," or the Adventures of a Lady in Search of a Good Husband, by one who has refused "Twenty excellent Offers, at least"—to be as happily illustrated by the same artist, Cruikshank.

Where the rights of women are much talked of, they are little respected.

The Poetical Works of Oliver Goldsmith.
Illustrated by Wood Engravings from the designs of Members of the Etching Club. Edited by Bolton Corney, Esq. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Poetical Works of Horace Smith. Now first collected. London: Henry Colburn. *Evangeline: a Poem.* By H. W. Longfellow. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co.

We have grouped the titles of these volumes because, diverse as are the associations they awaken, each in its way attractively indicates a special development of the poetic faculty. It is, too, delightful to a truly catholic lover of the muses to find the poems that were eagerly read more than half a century ago, re-appearing with an equal welcome beside a fresh aspirant for renown. The style in which this new edition of Goldsmith's Poems is executed, is highly creditable to the publishers, and will meet the decided approbation of all readers of taste. The wood engravings are introduced amid the text in a very apposite and graceful way, instead of occupying separate pages. In an artistic point of view, they are beautiful proofs of the advancement made in late years in this department of art, and illustrate the scenes and sentiments of Goldsmith in a very significant and genial manner. The biographical memoir and notes enhance the value of the book. The popularity of Goldsmith should be a subject of congratulation to all votaries of the joyous art. His measures are the legitimate offspring of our language. The spirit of his muse is utterly free from mysticism and extravagance. The feelings embalmed in his verse are sincere, manly, generous, and natural. It requires no peculiar culture, no rare imagination to follow them. As long as such poetry holds its place in the warm regards of the public, there is no danger of taste becoming vitiated, or national traits being overlaid by exotic modes of thought. While the sweet heroics of the "Traveller," and the "Deserted Village," awaken an echo in the heart, we shall not despair of the recognition of what is rhetorically correct, and morally beautiful in poetry.

Horace Smith was one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses." He has written as many *jeux d'esprit* as Hood, but they are chiefly versified jokes instead of puns. The basis of many is so slight, however, that, although well enough to fill the corner of a newspaper, or modify the gravity of a literary journal, they scarcely deserve to be luxuriously enrolled in stamped covers. But Horace Smith has written a few real gems, some of which have become standard favorites. Who does not remember his admirable lines to the Egyptian Mummy?

"Perchance that very hand now pinioned flat,
Has bob-a-nob'd with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or drop'd a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or draf'd thine own to let Queen Dido pass;
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication."

In this half colloquial style of dealing with subjects, which time or association renders serious, he is remarkably happy. His muse is eminently cheerful. His indignation is awakened by ingratitude and cynicism, and to these he knows how to administer very clever rebukes. In his "Prefatory Stanzas," the gay bard thus describes himself:—

"In mystic transcendental clouds to soar
Was not his mission,
Yet could he mould at times the solid ore
Of admonition;
Offenceless, grave, or gay, at least that praise
May grace his name, and hisp his unpretending lays."

"Why are they Shut," is an excellent reproof to the narrow spirit which would keep

the temples of religion closed, except on the Sabbath:—

"If there be one—one only—who might share
This sanctifying week-day adoration,
Were but our churches open to his prayer,
Why—I demand with earnest iteration—
Why are they shut?"

"The old man's Pæan" overflows with the most consolatory suggestions in regard to age:—

"An actor once in every strife
That agitates the stage of life,
A lover, feaver, hater,
Now in senility's snug box
I sit, aloof from all their shocks,
A passive, pleased spectator."

"The Poet among the Trees," would do credit to the genius of Hood. The birch and the laurel are thus hit off:—

"The Birch tree, with its pendent curves,
Exciting many a sad reflection,
Not only present praise deserves,
But our posterior recollection.
"And that illustrious leaf for which
Folks wrote and wrestled, sung and bluster'd,
Is now boiled down to give a rich
And dainty flavor to our custard!"

Horace Smith will be remembered by a few highly finished and nobly conceived lyrics, where, casting away the humorous mood in which he delighted to indulge, he obeys the impulse of devotional sentiment or personal affection. Few tributes to Flowers, numerous and varied as they are, do more true justice to the subject than his exquisite Hymn:—

"Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
And second birth."

"Were I in churchless solitudes remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of God's ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!"

The stanzas, too, on "Campbell's Funeral," have a calm, elegiac grace. We quote three of them:—

"Tis well to see these accidental great,
Noble by birth, or Fortune's favor blind,
Gracing themselves in adding grace and state
To the more noble eminence of mind,
And doing homage to a bard
Whose breast by Nature's gems was starr'd.
Whose patent by the hand of God himself was signed."

"While monarchs sleep, forgotten, unrevered,
Time trims the lamp of intellectual fame,
The builders of the pyramids, who rear'd
Mountains of stone, left none to tell their name.
Though Homer's tomb was never known,
A museum of his own,
Long as the world endures his greatness shall proclaim."

"To me the humblest of the mourning band,
Who knew the bard through many a changeful year
It was a proud, sad privilege to stand
Beside his grave, and shed a parting tear.
Seven lustres had he been my friend,
Be that my plea when I suspend
This all-unworthy wreath on such a poet's bier."

Evangeline, in tone, if not in form, approaches nearer the once admired Pastoral, than any poem we have recently seen. In fact, its charm is, for the most, rural. The descriptions of landscape, farm-houses, kine, and rustic happiness, constitute the only picturesque feature it boasts. Here and there occurs an exquisite image; and there is a calm, sweet, and holy spirit in the conception, which disarms the mind of critical severity, by appealing to the gentle sympathies of the heart. It appears to us, however, rather a hazardous experiment, on the part of the author, to give forth so elaborate a production in such a guise. The story itself is poetical enough, the scenes amid which it is laid are sufficiently attractive, and the sentiment is lofty and tender; but the versification, if such it may be called, is seldom musical, and often quite tame and prosaic,—ill adapted, we think, to the genius of our language. Notwithstanding this, Evangeline is a sweet little poem, and many of the numerous admirers of the author will enjoy it exceedingly.

The Iliad. Translated into English Prose, by a Graduate of Oxford. Princeton : George Thompson.

The elaborate review of Munford's American translation of Homer in three successive numbers of the *Literary World*, has already told all that this journal had to say about the different poetic versions which have been given in our vernacular of the Father of Song. The suggestion was there offered, that the true way to translate a national poet is to render him into a metre, not in imitation of his own, but identical with that devoted to similar themes, in the language of the country to which we wish to commend his strain ; the octo-syllabic verse of Scott's metrical romances or the cadences of the old English ballad, offering a far more fitting medium for conveying the wondrous variety of Homer to American ears than the epigrammatic monotony of Pope or the spiritless propriety of Cowper. It is well, however, for the multitude, who only know the Homeric poems through the ingenious paraphrase of the former, that their associations should first be broken up and superseded by a literal prose version, before they will be ready to receive any more characteristic poetical rendering of the immortal bard than that furnished by Pope.

We hail the re-publication, in this country, of the work before us, as having, however, a better and more practical mission even than that of making the poet of all time more accessible and better understood by our countrymen.

Sometimes, in the dulness and idleness of a moment, we are fain to read, drowsily, the many lucubrations of those who, intent upon raising children exactly in the safe way, are mindful to keep all dangerous matter at a proper distance, in the hope of thus developing a nice, steady, trafficking piece of humanity, adapted to the age ; one who, as boy, will neither daub his shirt-frill nor tear his pantaloons—as man, will be decorously subdued in manner, careful for the pence, and a member of the common council, a vestry man, and, probably, referee in difficult matters, and finally die, as the fair Andromache deplored that the great Hector did not, “ thou didst not stretch out thine hands to me from the bed when dying ; ” oh no, it had been reserved for the defender of Ilium to perish in the hot combat, rather than like “ a sick girl ” in bed, as is the fate of common clay. With these it is a favorite idea to banish the sturdy, dashing, generous old Greek from the library of the young student, and, in his stead, leave Upham on *Peace*, Pollock's *Course of Time*, and *Luther*, a poem, together with *Festus*, and other works of a safe or progressive tendency.

Now, that each individual parent has unlimited authority over his child, life and limb alone being held in reserve, is conceded by law and public opinion ; and he may experiment upon him, trying all the crude notions of his own crude brain upon the plastic fibre of the child ; mesmerism, cold-water systems, homeopathy, allopathy, each and all may be tested upon his helpless and unoffending progeny, and he may be crammed with or defrauded of knowledge ; dwarfed and betwisted mentally and morally, and no one has the right to interfere ; but, after doing all this in his individual case, for the benefit of his own offspring, we do protest against that lavish imbecility which tempts these persons to dwarf and betwist the souls of the children of the republic at large ; that which might be tolerated in a limited use would be unendurable on a large scale.

Were it possible to blot Homer from the world of letters, with all the stores of association therewith transmitted in the lapse of centuries, it might be curious for a Helenist to study the barren, literalized humanity thus produced. It is true, while the Bible is left us much of Homeric analogy would still refresh and invigorate—there would be the brave and handsome Saul, eclipsed only by the more accomplished Prince of Judah—David with his love for Jonathan vieing with that of Achilles for Patroclus—the treacherous, and yet lion-like Joab, with all the thirty worthies of Israel, whom we overlook as epic, and have buried in theological lumber, though worthy themselves of a Homeric Apotheosis. The death of Abner, the grief of David for Absalom and Jonathan, the devotion of the three mighty men who broke through the enemy's ranks to procure water for the thirsting monarch from the well of Bethlehem, the piety of the king, who would not drink but cried, “ Be it far from me that I should do this, is not this the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives ? ” and he poured it out unto the Lord—are all entirely Homeric in spirit ; and while these are left us by the forbearance of those who will spare what wears the odor of sanctity, though rejecting, with Gothic hardihood, classical grace, we may hope that all the human faculties may continue to be supplied with aliment, that those who shrink from the battle-field in *propria persona*, may yet exult in the bravery and daring of the olden time.

In the sacred Scriptures, too, the abundant imagery of Homer finds a beautiful counterpart—the lion roused by the swelling of Jordan, the stones of the altar set up, and the wine and oil poured out under every green tree, and every high hill, the wailing of women, and the old man David covered with sackcloth, and ashes spread upon his head, is akin to the grief of the Trojan women for the death of Hector, and Achilles for that of Patroclus.

“ From the *blood* of the slain, from the *fat* of the mighty, the bow of Jonathan turned not back, and the sword of Saul returned not empty—ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet with other delights, who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel. How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle ! O Jonathan, thou wert slain in thine high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan : very pleasant hast thou been unto me : thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of woman. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished ! ”

Here is more than Homer, in out-burst of warlike spirit and impassioned tenderness, with a like allusion to the spoils and the wealth of the victor, and finer than the grief of Achilles, when

“ Seizing the burnt ashes with both his hands, he poured them on his head, and defiled his beautiful countenance, and the dark ashes covered his rich tunic, and he, mighty, lay stretched at his vast length among the ashes, tearing his disordered hair, ”

in sorrow for the dead of Patroclus.

Let us take comfort, then, that if our progressive population, in their sapience, banish Homer, we have still a vast horde of kindred association in the Scriptures ; the stir of hearty, honest humanity in its primal strength, and the story of achievements, each of which is an epic by itself. Could it be otherwise, now that the spirit of enterprise, of thrift, and appropriation is laying bare every nook and

corner of the “ round world,” and all the people in it are likely to be lopped, stretched, metamorphosed, and trained, till all are cast in the same calibre, and reduced to the same level, that of leaden, black, and respectable dulness—many things that have had, and do still have, a palpable vitality would become problematical, and finally be cast aside as fabulous. Presently all the savage races will perish, or be culotted, and we shall, in the process of time, doubt whether any such races ever had existed, as we do now doubt of the “ Anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders,” Giants and Centaurs, who have all the authority of tradition pleading in their behalf.

Canals, railroads, and balloons, will so interlace the whole earth, whether inhabited or otherwise, that animals, now free denizens of forest and wilderness, will disappear altogether, the relics of them being carried about already in our menageries ; and finally, becoming extinct, we shall give the death-blow to their ever having existed by making them Allegoric, and by turning portions of Scripture into a myth, and the whole of the stout life-enacting Homer into a moral story, told allegorically.

We have the debris of much that was actual in his day now—the oaths of the ancients have merely changed their form into something more irreverent, adapted to the levity of the present—the “ actual presence ” of the gods is now converted into a series of signs and prodigies, at which we still quake without that reverence by which we might find comfort and significance in the intimations of a God. The Rainbow is still indicative of good, though stripped of that fineness of allusion when the Greek warrior showed himself in his beauty and power ready to avenge the death of his friend, at the command of the “ Wind-footed, swift Iris.” The tree, shattered by the lightning, is still regarded with religious awe,—and the sound of thunders upon momentous occasions excites a strange and wholesome sublimity ; but the grand old imagery of Jove speaking from Mount Ida, and uttering his voice of approval thence, must be found in the legends of an extinct period when men supplicated with “ palm spread wide,” and “ poured oblations, and burnt the fat legs of sheep and oxen,” to propitiate the favor of the “ cloud-compelling ” dweller of Olympus.

The modern leader of a party now makes his stump-speech adapted to “ split the ears of the groundlings,” which the Phonographist transmits by wire the length and breadth of the Republic—but the man or poet who should see in all this the poised and winged Mercury, persuasive and eloquent, inclining the hearts of the hearers, and Jove himself lending his lightnings to give celerity and power over men's understandings, would be called a crazy pedant.

“ The Tamer of horses ” is not now a helmed and shielded warrior like the Greeks of old, but must be found in the swaggering loafer about the stable, or perhaps our race-grounds may furnish forth a better representative—where, likewise, the stakes for purses may be shuffled in the crown of an oily hat, instead of being cast into “ the horse-hair crested helmet ” of an Achilles. The competition for Olympian honors must be found in the wonderful and beautiful performances of the Circus, which will hold place in human affections so long as grace of movement, and skill, and power over human bone and muscle attest the freedom and capabilities of a fine physique, though now we might look in vain in our approach to a great

city for an exhibition like the following described in Homer :

" As when a man, well skilled in horsemanship, who, after he has selected four horses out of many, driving them from the plain, directs them towards a great city along the public road ; and many look at him with admiration, both men and women ; and he, *always leaping firmly and safely, changes his seat from one to the other, and they fly along*," &c.

So then all things change ; the Horse Tamer of the Heroes is the jockey of modern days—the Olympian competitor is the vagrant rider of a Circus, the Lion of the Arena and the Elephant of armies are the true wonders of a menagerie ; the serpent devouring the troop of the Romans is safely coiled in a Museum, or his counterpart, unemulous of devouring men, feeds upon mackerel as the mysterious Sea-serpent. Jove is to be sought for in the Magnetic Telegraph, Mercury pilfering a pocket, Neptune is a steamer, with a little nook lighted up with wax candles for Hymen and held under one of his flippers ; Mars " covers nine acres" in the shape of Flying Artillery now engaged in the Mexican war ; Vulcan forges not the wonderful shield of Achilles, worth a library in itself, but fires up a steam boiler ; Plutus is a bank president, and Pluto is Coleridized thus :

From his brimstone bed at break of day,
A walking the D—i is gone ;
His coat is red and his breeches blue,
&c., &c.

Juno is a stout woman who keeps a grocery at the corner, and hen-pecks Mr. Caudle, no longer borrowing the Cestus of Venus to beguile her husband at Ida, who so feelingly described his perplexities to the silver-footed Thetis.

" Thou wilt force me to quarrel with Juno, when she irritates me with opprobrious words. Even as it is she is always among the immortal gods, upbraiding me, and says that I aid the Trojans in battle. Go thou then away, lest Juno behold thee," &c. Diana no longer steals in silver mist to the headland of Lemnos, but is a plain moon, round or gibbous as the case may be, and Endymion is a lazy youth, who takes cold while sleeping in the Park with the gate open. All the water Nymphs are working in the Cotton Factories ; Minerva writes books for children, and stories for the Magazines. A man who " gets drunk" is no longer filled with the " rosy god" ; so also is daylight now no longer " the rosy-fingered morn that appeared to them while weeping round the dead." The sun is up, not the buoyant and vital Apollo coming forth with light and beauty. But apropos to the planets, we must pause for a moment to say parenthetically, that the following passage, rendered as it is into simple English prose, would not be improved by the most elaborate art, equalled as it is only by a similar passage in the book of Job.

" In it (the shield) he formed the earth, and in it the sea, and in it the unwearied sun, and the full moon. In it, also, all the constellations with which the heaven is crowned : the Pleiades and the Hyades and the strength of Orion and the Bear, which likewise they call by the appellation of the Wain, which there turns round and watches Orion ; and it alone is *deprived of the baths of Oceanus*."

We rejoice that this literal translation of the father of poets has brought many a fine passage like the above more near to the general reader than it ever was before. It is humiliating when we in our boastfulness look to the facts and see how little has been added to the stock of poetic ideas since the days of the

Greek. But let us take courage, Homer is booked for a world-lasting career. We have the thorough picture of an age. The Indian may die out, so that we shall no longer have the aid of a fresh and primitive type, but the stern records of tradition will restore him to human contemplation ; the heroic, too, may altogether disappear in the midst of a torturing, cold-blooded scepticism, but Homer's gods and heroes and eagles shall keep such things in remembrance when the realities may have declined into the dim valleys of the fabulous ; just as when the days of locomotives are over, being superseded by other wonders, the traditions of them will be gradually blent with the "fiery dragons" of the past, and each will be supposed identical ; so also when the horse shall have become useless in the progress of mechanism, and shall finally be extinct, he will commingle again with the Centaur, and pass for the same animal.

We might continue our speculations, but it is unnecessary, and we will simply call upon our readers to rejoice that the world has this one great landmark upon the road of human progress, showing the exact amount of thought, philosophy, and manhood, existing for a time being, and call upon them likewise to condole with us in the poverty of our vocabulary and stand forth in the barrenness of fact—the brave unimpelled by a Jove, and the beautiful unattended by the Graces ; and in our many quarrels the naked truth has no covering in the intrigues of a cunning and hateful Ate.

Meanwhile, our Utilitarian readers cannot do better than possess themselves of the volume which has suggested these careless speculations, and which will well repay the repeated perusal of the most elegant mind, while giving a wholesome wrench to the matter-of-fact, and consequently one-sided intellect.

Poetry.

FLOWERS—A FANCY.

I LOVE ye flowers ! the mystery of your being
A darling marvel ever is to me ;
Marvel that adds to sight a precious seeing,
And finds a rare interpreting for ye.

The chosen prayer—its visible upspringing
From field and wood and stream, ye weekly
stand—
A censer'd band, with sweet petition bringing
Favor and fairness down upon the land.

I dream not lightly that ye bear this mission,
For when ye pass from earthly rite away,
Like the dissolving glories of a vision,
The " favor" and the " fairness" cease to stay.

JEROME A. MABEY.

The Fine Arts.

ITEMS OF ART.—It will be recollect that an unprecedented popularity Dubuffe's pictures obtained here some years since. The following extract from the correspondence of the *Spirit of the Times* shows that they are creating at present an interest of an entirely new and different kind :—

Dubuffe's celebrated pictures of " *Adam and Eve* " were, a few years ago, exhibited in England and the United States. It was then proposed to dispose of them by lottery for the sum of twenty thousand pounds, at the same time each subscriber was to be entitled to an engraving of the paintings. A large number of gentlemen immediately subscribed upon these terms, but up to the present time the lottery has not been drawn. A meeting of a portion of the subscribers was recently held in Liverpool, for

the purpose of settling the affair. Mr. Brett, of London, the proprietor of the pictures, it was stated, had not fulfilled his engagements, and when written to on the subject, his solicitor replied that after incurring great expense in exhibiting the pictures, Mr. Brett had ascertained that the proposed lottery was illegal and could not take place ; that the money received from subscribers had been invested in railway shares, all of which turned out to be failures ; and that, consequently, *the money was all lost* ! Mr. Brett, however, proposed to give each subscriber a copy of the engraving of the " *Sixth Seal*," or those who preferred to wait, might still have the original plan carried out in the United States. This proposition was not at all satisfactory to the subscribers, and it was resolved that they would accept nothing less than the engravings of the " *Temptation*" and the " *Expulsion*." A committee was appointed to insist upon the fulfilment of Mr. Brett's engagement with the subscribers, and it was resolved that an advertisement be inserted in the London papers requesting every subscriber to forward his or her name to the Liverpool committee, in order, if possible, by an injunction, to get possession of the pictures. As there may be some subscribers in the United States they may be able to recover their money by forwarding their names to some friend in Liverpool.

We saw a few days since at Messrs. Williams and Stevens the best engraving of the season—" *The Highland Deer-Stalkers returning from the Hills*," by Willmore, after the original picture by Edwin Landseer. The picture in shape is like the " *Canterbury Pilgrimage* " of Stothard ; and though not a recent work is one of the best ever produced by the artist. There is much of the character of his well-known picture, " *The Sanctuary* ;" there is the same rich mellow effect of light in both. A bagpiper and a boy with hounds lead the procession. Other figures, with three ponies carrying dead game, are seen crossing a rustic bridge, while a sportsman stops to converse with a peasant girl—Wordsworth's Highland girl :

Sweet Highland girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower.

Several figures succeed to complete the procession, while the road they have left is seen dying away in the distant hills. The whole landscape is true to the heather and Highland scenery, and the engraver has worked, as well as his art would allow, up to the spirit of the bright and beautiful picture before him.

We intend hereafter to note the many beautiful engravings that are becoming so frequent among us. They are so much in vogue at present as decorations for our drawing rooms, that criticism is as necessary for them as for paintings. We want to see good ones everywhere appreciated.

From the late London papers we learn that a new school of art, presenting some novel features, has been lately established in that city. We extract from " *The Spectator*," of Oct. 9th, the following account of it.

The newly-incorporated Society of British Artists opened a school of art, at their gallery in Suffolk Street, on Monday evening, with a kind of public meeting, and an address from Mr. Hurlstone, the President. Other engagements prevented us from attending ; but we see by the reports in the daily journals that Mr. Hurlstone's address was well delivered and well received. It was followed, as a practical beginning, by a lecture from Mr. Marion on anatomy. The course of instruction is to include the study of antique sculpture, human anatomy, comparative anatomy, the living figure, perspective, and chromatics, by means of lectures. If the instruction be of a more precise and definite character than the many generalizing lectures which we have heard and read as delivered at the Royal Academy, it will present a considerable advancement. Two new features in the plan are much to be commended. There is to be a school of design from the life for ladies, in which the

figure will be "classically draped;" and thus lady artists will no longer be debarred from an important branch of study, or forced to seek it in modes at once costly and unpleasant. And certain evenings in the other life school are to be set apart for the rapid sketching of the figure in violent action, such as cannot be long sustained by the living model. This is a very good idea. But it will be necessary for the student, and for the teachers present, to bear in mind that the most critical and characteristic action of the muscles in all violent movements occurs immediately *before* the motion, and ceases in an instant—is gone like a flash of lightning. The characteristic forms of violent action, therefore, cannot be traced from the living model even by the most rapid sketcher; they must be caught by observation merely, stored up in the memory, and reproduced in finished works by the process of imagination. It is the more necessary to keep this distinction in mind, as it is one large element in the difference between mastery of art and the want of mastery. The substitution of the secondary and more sustained action of the features and muscles, is a crying defect in the English schools generally, entailing a grievous want of life in the figures, and therefore a want of reality in the scene. It is the substitution of the secondary action for the primary, which gives to the figures in the works of so many painters and sculptors the aspect of set models, not of unstudied breathing life.

Works in Press.

MESSRS. APPLETON will publish in a few days, in one volume, large 8vo., "The Revolutionary Services and Civil Life of General William Hull, prepared from his MSS. by his daughter, Mrs. Maria Campbell; with a History of the Campaign of 1812, by his grandson, James Freeman Clarke." We shall hereafter take an opportunity to review this interesting and important work. For the present we are only enabled to present a few excerpts from advance sheets.

DISCIPLINE IN THE BEGINNING OF THE REVOLUTION.—The first incident recorded by Captain Hull, on his arrival in camp, is a striking illustration of the deficiency of military order, discipline, and etiquette, with which Washington had to contend throughout the war. A body of the enemy landed at Lechmere's Point, on the main land. It was expected an attack would be made on the American lines. The alarm was given, and the troops ordered to their respective stations. When the regiment of Col. Webb was formed for action, the captains and subalterns appeared, dressed in long cloth frocks, with kerchiefs tied about their heads. Captain Hull was the only man in uniform. The officers inquired "why he came out in full dress;—that the regiment was going into action, and that he would be a mark for the enemy's fire." He replied, "that he thought the uniform of an officer was designed to aid his influence and increase his authority over his men—and if ever important in these points, it was more particularly so in the hour of battle." They referred to their experience, remarking that "in the French war it was not customary, and they had never worn it." Captain Hull yielded to age and experience, sent his servant for a frock and kerchief, and dressed himself after the fashion of his companions. His company was in advance of the British lines. While at this station, General Washington and suite, in the course of reviewing the troops, stopped at the redoubt and asked "what officer commanded there." "With feelings of inexpressible mortification," says General Hull, "I came forward in my savage costume, and reported that Captain Hull had the honor of commanding the redoubt." As soon as General Washington passed on, Captain Hull availed himself of the first moment to despatch his servant with all possible speed to bring him his uniform. As he put it on, he

quietly resolved never more to subscribe to the opinions of men, however loyal and brave in their country's service, whose views were so little in unison with his own.

ANDRÉ AND HALE.—A parallel has been drawn by historians between André and Hale; and it may be admitted, without a bias in favor of our countryman, that Hale was influenced by nobler and purer motives than André: for his death marked the Patriot and the Christian.

But if we consider how different were their early conditions in life, as well as their official stations, we would find abundant cause for this difference. Unhappily, men are more governed in their conduct by the circumstances in which they are placed, than by principle. The influence which surrounds them involuntarily becomes an element in action, and their motives are often worldly and selfish in their character.

André and Hale both possessed a high sense of moral rectitude, elevated tastes, and pure habits. Had their positions in life been changed, we are not sure but that André might have exhibited the qualities of Hale, and Hale those of André. The country of Hale was poor and feeble, contending for its rights under circumstances of great disadvantage, and deep depression. Its defenders were disciplined by suffering, and rather felt for her than themselves.

André belonged to the most powerful nation of the earth: a nation whose armies were victorious in every quarter of the globe. To contend for her, was to contend for the enlargement of her borders and the increase of her pride. To combat for suffering America, was to combat for liberty, for home, for virtue.

Where is the man whose feelings and opinions would not be affected by such a discipline, and would not in the hour of death feel more for his country's interests than his own personal reputation? André said, "I pray you to bear me witness, that I meet my fate like a brave man." The words of Hale were, "I only lament, that I have but one life to lose for my country." The one, in the event of success, expected promotion and pecuniary rewards; the other looked only for the unspeakable happiness of having done what he deemed his duty.

André engaged in the enterprise without the thought or view of danger. Protected by the power and influence of Arnold, and his retreat from our shores secured by a British armed vessel in the river, he had nothing to apprehend; while animated by the prospect of almost certain success in viewing the advantage presented by the defection of Arnold.

On the contrary, Hale went to the enemy's lines in the very spirit of self-devotion, resolved to achieve his work, or meet death, which he knew was the certain alternative.

In the solemn hours preceding the approach of eternity, André sought relief in intellectual enjoyments, in the works of genius, and left to the world drawing of his own person, taken in his guard-room, from which he was soon to pass to the scaffold. He asked that he might die the death of a soldier, and not by the hands of the common hangman.

Hale thought not of the mode of his death. He felt like the virtuous Raleigh; when inquired of by the executioner which way he should lay his head, he replied, "No matter, so that the heart is right."

In the near view of death, Hale sought the consolations of religion. He asked for a Bible and a clergyman, to assist him in his preparation for the eternal world. Though denied them both, yet we may be permitted to believe that the wish of his heart was blessed, and that the Spirit of God became his Teacher.

The memory of André is enshrined in monuments of art, that of Hale in the hearts of his countrymen.

COLONEL HULL'S CONVERSATION WITH GOVERNOR SIMCOE, RESPECTING WASHINGTON'S ESCAPE FROM CORNWALLIS, AT TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.—In the year 1793, I was employed by the Government of the United States, to

hold treaties with the Indians, and at that time became acquainted with General Simcoe, who was Governor of the Province of Upper Canada. At his table, in the presence of a number of British officers, the subject of the Revolutionary War was introduced. General Simcoe was a Lieutenant-Colonel at the time referred to. He commanded a partisan corps, and was with Lord Cornwallis at Trenton. I stated the situation of the American army at that time; described the position we had taken, and our full expectation of being immediately attacked; that in such case, we had no alternative but to risk a general battle or retreat down the river to Burlington. If the latter had been adopted, the enemy being in the best possible situation for pursuit, it is probable that we should have been overtaken and forced into an engagement. On the other hand, if we had been compelled to meet the enemy in a general battle in the first instance, the superiority of their numbers would have given them such advantages as almost to have insured a victory, which would have nearly annihilated our army.

The conversation seemed very interesting to the young British officers, who were present, and had not been actors in the scenes described, and in which both General Simcoe and myself were personally engaged. The feelings of the Governor were aroused by past recollections, and with much animation, rising from his chair, replied, that as soon as the American army retreated and took position on the south side of the Assanpink, and the British army came into possession of the principal part of the town, and the grounds on the north side of the creek, he inquired of Lord Cornwallis, whether it was not his intention immediately to make a general attack.

His Lordship answered, that he should not; that his troops were fatigued by a long march; that he wished to give them all the comforts he could that night, and should defer until morning any further operations.

Governor Simcoe remarked, that there was then more than an hour of daylight; that by crossing the creek high up on General Washington's right, he might force him to a general action, and the event would probably put a close to the war.

In answer to this, it was urged, that the American army could not pass the Delaware, and he should be sure of it in the morning.

Simcoe closed by remarking to Lord Cornwallis, that in some way Washington would escape from him; and that his only chance of a victory was to make the attack that evening.

"Thus," observed the Governor, "was lost an opportunity of putting an end to the war, in which case both countries would now have been happy, in forming one great and powerful nation."

A TEST OF COURAGE (at Stony Point).—A forlorn hope of twenty men was attached to each column: one led on by Lieutenant Gibbon, the other by Lieutenant Knox. Their duty was, to remove the abatis and other obstructions in the way of the troops. After the orders were communicated, Major Hull recollects that there was a captain in his detachment, to whom cowardice had been imputed, on account of his conduct in the battle of Monmouth. He sought the young man and requested him to walk aside for a few moments, having something to communicate. When alone, he said, "It is a subject of much delicacy, my dear sir, of which I am about to speak, and my motive to serve you, must be my apology for the liberty I take. You are aware that reports, injurious to your character as a soldier, have been in circulation since the battle of Monmouth; as no inquiry has been made into your conduct on that occasion, your brother officers still view you as wanting in bravery. You have, no doubt, a distinct recollection of the nature of your feelings at that time, and if conscious that there was a want of fortitude to meet the dangers to which you were then exposed, you must be sensible that in the

duties now to be performed, they are of a character much more imposing; but that they are so, is favorable, as you are furnished, in the hazardous enterprise before us, with a better opportunity to eradicate impressions for which no just cause may exist. But whatever might have been the truth, I leave you to decide whether to return to the camp, and give your company to the command of your Lieutenant, or to lead it yourself." Captain * * * replied, "I thank you, sir, for your consideration and candor, and hope to prove myself worthy of it. Wait a few moments, until I return." He came, accompanied by his Lieutenant, and related to him, in the presence of Major Hull, the conversation which had just taken place. Then, with a calm but resolute expression of countenance, said: "I request you to observe my conduct during the assault, and if I do not acquit myself with the bravery which my rank and the occasion demands, I beg you to kill me on the spot." The lieutenant assured him his request should be complied with.

So gallantly did Captain * * * acquit himself in the assault, that from that time his courage was never questioned.

Extracts from New Books.

[From Hooker's "Thoughts and Maxims, Illustrating Moral and Religious Subjects," just published.]

An ardent sensibility to the impression of great virtues and abilities, accompanied with a generous oblivion of the little imperfections with which they are joined, is one of the surest indications of a superior character.

A clear stream reflects all objects that are upon its shore, but is unsullied by them; so it should be with our hearts—they should show the effect of all objects, and yet remain unharmed by any.

All spirits strive to extend the sphere of their activity; to collect and appropriate what they recognise as excellent, as attractive. In this they show their capacity to share and enjoy an infinite good. Their activity calls for what is infinite, and their taste for what is good.

It is characteristic of a little mind to be shocked and revolted from friends on the discovery of their faults; this shows as little self-acquaintance as it does want of general knowledge.

The rights of women take the best care of themselves. They receive no strength from the assertion of others. They are, in their nature, so delicate and sacred, that our defence of them seems but an unwary rudeness, which more impairs than supports them.

When you see one impatient of the influence and resentful of the control of a female mind, he is not likely to be well informed himself. He most probably needs what he wishes to shun. He would assert and affect the wisdom he wants. Such impatience is the commonest mark of an illiberal and contracted mind.

The union of imagination with intellect, and of enthusiasm with sense, attests a mind of a great order, and a heart in which native honesty and goodness are as instincts, however much these last may want regularity and principle in their disclosures.

This is certain; whatever merits women have, no man can venture to question them without bringing his virtue, as well as his good sense, into doubt.

Life is short, and they mistake its aims and lose its best enjoyment, who depend for happiness on outward things, and not on the state of the heart. The affections, reposing and sweetly twining round their just objects, are a never failing source of improving delight; but condition, show, power and riches, or envy, pride and contempt, the common retinue of them all, do but burn out or burden our nature, so that what we

call happiness is but a poor and starving imitation of it.

We wrong ourselves and others in matters of affection, with no sense that we do so; while we confess and mourn over the lesser wrongs of life.

Indignation and anguish, and all the keener feelings which reverse and wrongs awaken, enrich the mind, turn it in upon itself, and furnish the elements of those deeper and brighter thoughts which spring up in aftertime, as if to adorn and cheer the recollections they cannot efface.

To possess anything we must enjoy it; what we call ours is otherwise but a bondage we are under to it.

There are beauties, natural and moral, everywhere; this is a beauty-revealing life and world, but we must have an eye to see it, and that eye is love.

There is one way in which we may always commend ourselves to good effect, and that is in commanding the merits of others.

He who can compromise his self-respect for anything, is sure to be the loser for what he so gains; he has surrendered that without which even goodness cannot assert its right to happiness.

Scientific Proceedings.

AMERICAN ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The regular monthly meeting of the American Ethnological Society was held on Saturday evening, the 27th ult., the Hon. Albert Gallatin, President, in the chair.

Twenty volumes and pamphlets in the Choctaw, Cherokee, Dakota, and Ojibwe languages, were presented by the American Board of Com. of Foreign Missions.

Eight volumes and pamphlets in the Mohawk language, and the Annual Report of the Methodist Episcopal Church were presented by the Methodist Book Society.

Four volumes of Chinese books were presented by S. Wells Williams.

Four volumes and pamphlets in the Isubu, Grebo, Mpongwe, Basa, and Kroo languages of Western Africa, were presented by the Rev. J. Leighton Wilson.

The following letter was read from the Rev. G. B. Whiting, to the Rev. Dr. Robinson, dated *Aleik, Mount Lebanon, 22d August, 1847.*
Rev. E. Robinson, D.D., New York.

MY DEAR SIR:—A few months ago I read with deep interest, and I may add, with entire satisfaction, your two articles in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* on the Topography of Jerusalem. Being then about to revisit the Holy City, I resolved to examine anew some points on which much stress is laid by Mr. Williams, in his attempt to overthrow the position maintained in the Biblical Researches, in respect to the Tyropoeon valley, and the course of the Second Wall.

One of these points, and perhaps the most plausible one in Mr. Williams's argument, is the alleged fact, that along the street running eastward from the Jaffa gate, at the northern base of Mount Zion, where you find the commencement of the Tyropoeon, there are no traces of a valley to be found; and that the street called "Harat en Nutra," or *Christian street*, which leads out of the street last named towards the north, is *perfectly level*. Now, it must be conceded that this "Christian street" is, at the point where it leaves the other (the Jaffa-gate street), nearly or quite level; and yet as you go northward there certainly is a gradual ascent, through almost the whole length of the street. And if, as you suggest, the course of the street were turned a few points westward, the ascent would be more rapid.

But a more conclusive answer to the argument of Mr. W., is the fact, also suggested by you, that *there is undoubtedly a large accumulation of rubbish, all along the northern base of Mount Zion, by which the old valley has been filled up.* This fact is not only rendered extremely probable by the existence of a great depth of rubbish and old buildings on all the northern parts of Zion, as was found to be the case in digging for the foundations of the English Church, and for those of the barracks erected by Ibrahim Pasha; but it is now proved by excavations actually made at different points in the valley itself. So that the argument upon the present level appearance of the ground in question, is literally an argument resting upon *rubbish*. It has no solid foundation.

But I am detaining you too long from the information which it is the object of this letter to communicate, and which clearly establishes the important fact in question. While walking, in company with the late Prof. Fiske, through the enclosure once occupied by the great palace or hospital of the Knights of St. John, our attention was arrested by a large heap of rubbish freshly thrown up, lying near by the little Greek Church in the southwest corner of the enclosure. On entering the yard of this church, we found people digging for foundations on which to erect additional buildings. They had already excavated to the depth of some 15 or 20 feet (as we estimated), through nothing but rubbish, and had just then come upon the top of a vaulted room, the depth of which could not yet be seen. The men said it was understood there was an ancient *Chapel* there, long since buried beneath the ruins and rubbish of other buildings. Whether the vaulted room, the top of which we saw, was the said chapel or not, or whether it belonged to the first, or the second, or the third story of a structure long since buried and lost, we of course could not tell. But supposing it to have been on the first or lower story, the original foundations must have been at least 30 or 40 feet below the present surface. They may have been much deeper than that. Now, this spot is *within a few yards of the "Jaffa-gate" street*—precisely where, on your theory, we should look for the Tyropoeon valley filled up with rubbish. I need not tell you how much we were interested in this discovery; which we instantly resolved to make you acquainted with.

I proceed to mention another fact of the same sort. On this same "Jaffa-gate" street, at a point further up towards the gate, a large new building has lately been erected. It stands opposite the castle on the corner of the street, towards the Latin convent. Of course then, this building stands directly over the bed of your Tyropoeon Valley; and here also we should look for a considerable accumulation of rubbish. I inquired of a European merchant, who occupies a part of the building, and who said he was present when it was erected, whether in digging to lay the foundations, much depth of rubbish was found? "A very great depth," he replied. "How deep do you think the excavations were?" "O, I don't know," he said, "but *very deep*." Look at the height of that castle wall; the depth of our excavations was equal to that." (The part of the castle wall to which he pointed, cannot be less than 40 or 50 feet high.) "Are you sure," I said, "your foundations were so deep?" "Yes," he answered with confidence, "quite as deep as the height of that wall."

Our English friends in Jerusalem, like ourselves, were much interested in these facts; and regarded them as proving beyond all controversy, that there was formerly a deep valley or ravine along the course of this street. And it seems to me, that no unbiased mind can doubt, after reading your very lucid reply to Williams and Schultz, that that valley was the Tyropoeon.

The new building above referred to, is perhaps not more than 100 or 150 yards from the Jaffa gate. Is it not probable that the valley originally extended quite through to the valley of Hinnom, leaving Mount Zion entirely surrounded by the two valleys?

Much has been said by Mr. Williams and others, about some supposed ancient remains, near the corner formed by the Jaffa-gate street and the street running north through the Bazaars; as also about a supposed "Pier of an Ancient Gateway," in the open grounds on the west of the Bazaars. Both of these points I took some pains to examine, in company with Prof. Fiske. The remains first mentioned, are nothing more nor less than a *square corner*, in a good state of preservation, of the *celebrated palace of the Knights of St. John*. You may recollect a row of arches, I believe it is on all hands admitted, belongs to the Crusades, and evidently formed the south basement of the great palace of the Knights. The *square corner* alluded to, is a continuation, or more correctly, the *termination* of this row of arches. It is exactly on a line with them, and built in the very same style, the stones being of the same shape and size with those of the arches and buttresses.

Looking northward from this corner of the old palace, we noticed, exactly on a line with the eastern face of it, and about midway between it and the north side of the palace enclosure, Mr. Williams's "pier of a gateway," which he says is, in its style of architecture, different from anything he had seen in Jerusalem, and, as he thinks, of high antiquity. Now, if Mr. W. had carefully compared this relic with the row of arches above mentioned, he would have found that the style of architecture is precisely the same in both. Even the shape and dimensions of the stones are the same in both. The stones are mostly of an oblong form, three or four feet in length, as I should think, and perhaps a little less than two feet in breadth and thickness. And further, if he had looked from the top of the corner, already described, across the open ground to this "pier of a gateway," he would have been satisfied that both the "pier" and the "corner" are part and parcel of one and the same building, and that the old palace of the Knights of St. John; I think you have suggested in your review, that this was one of the gates of the said palace; and it seems to me that no one, who carefully compares the several remains now alluded to, can doubt for a moment that such is the fact.

I remain, my dear Sir,

With great respect,

Most truly yours,

G. B. WHITING.

P. S.—Mr. Smith lent me the sheets of your article, and I left them with Dr. McGowan, of Jerusalem, for the edification of travellers. Dr. M. is much interested in the subject—is quite convinced of the correctness of your views, and has promised to keep an eye upon those excavations, and any others that may be made, and to communicate to me anything interesting that he may discover.

G. B. W.

Arts and Sciences.

DIFFERENCE OF LONGITUDE BY TELEGRAPH.

One of the earliest uses of Morse's Electro-magnetic Telegraph, was that of determining geographical longitude. A few signals were passed between Washington and Baltimore in 1844, under the direction of Captain Wilkes, by carrying chronometers from astronomical stations to the telegraph offices. But the most complete trial of this method extant, was not long since made under the direction of the present superintendent of the United States coast survey, Professor Bache, and commemorated some weeks ago in the Washington Union.

In the autumn of 1845, arrangements were commenced for making an experiment on the whole extent of the line from Jersey City to Washington, a distance of 250 miles. Immediately after the completion of the line in 1846, trials were made. The violent storms of the autumn, and the continual repairs along these new lines, prevented complete success in 1846. Accordingly, in the months of July and August of

this year, operations were resumed on the new and more perfectly insulated lines.

Professor Bache had built, at the expense of the survey, a line from the Washington Post Office to the National Observatory. He had procured for the three observatories of Washington, Philadelphia, and Jersey City, full and complete telegraph apparatus, and had connected them with the main line, so as to make these observatories temporary telegraph offices; having rented the line of the Telegraph Company for astronomical purposes only. Professor Bache had also, at the expense of the survey, erected the temporary observatory at Jersey City, and engaged the services of Professor Loomis, the late distinguished director of the Western Reserve Observatory, now in the chair of physics in the New York University. He had also engaged the services of Professor Kendall, the director of the Observatory of the Central High School of Philadelphia. Lieutenant Maury, the superintendent of the National Observatory, had, early in 1845, tendered to Professor Bache the co-operation of that establishment. The arrangement of the details of the work was intrusted to Sears C. Walker, one of the assistants of the survey. It is understood that a full and detailed report of these operations will be made this autumn, by the Superintendent to the Secretary of the Treasury. As some partial notices of the work have already found their way prematurely into the public prints, we are authorized to lay before our readers, in an authentic form, a general view of the nature of these operations, of which the result will, in proper time, be made public.

The clocks at the observatories having been carefully regulated by astronomical observations, at 10 P. M. possession of the line for the night is given over to the astronomers, and skilful operators accompany them at each station.

The performance of the 3d of August, 1847, may be quoted as an example of a successful night's work. The source of electrical power was a Grove's constant battery, having forty-four half-pint cups. The magnets were adjusted by the operators, and twenty clock signals were given by Mr. Zantzinger, the operator at Jersey City, at intervals of ten seconds each, and at coincidence with the clock beats. These twenty signals were compared with the Jersey City clock by Professor Loomis, and by Professor Hubbard, U. S. N. (then on a visit to Jersey City). The same twenty were received and compared with the clock of the Philadelphia observatory by three observers, Messrs. Walker, Reynolds, and Mason (Professor Kendall being absent). The same set of twenty signals was also received and compared with the clock at the Washington observatory by Professor Keith, the officer charged with this duty by Lieutenant Maury.

In the same manner the twenty signals from Philadelphia and from Washington were recorded at the three stations. It is known that no two observers, with the same transit instrument and clock, obtain for it the same correction. Each has his peculiar habit of seeing and hearing. It became necessary for all the observers to meet together, and make observations at the same place, on the same evening, with the same instruments, in order to fix the reduction of each one's clock correction to a normal or average value.

After applying this correction for the peculiarities of the observers, it may be presumed, from the excellence of the instruments and experience of the observers, that the correct clock at Washington, Philadelphia, and Jersey City, indicated the true sidereal time of these meridians, within a quarter—perhaps within a tenth part—of a second.

The method adopted of observing zenith stars before and after reversal of the transit instrument, gives to the clock time, after correcting for personal equations, a precision little short of the actual levelling. Now, with the levels in use at these places, a second of arc, or seventy feet of longitude, is represented by a line, or

tenth of an inch. The precision of a full night's work may be readily reduced within forty feet, so far as the levelling instrument is concerned.

If these clocks, or chronometers, so corrected, could be suddenly brought side by side, without deranging their motions, a simple comparison of their corrected readings for the same instant of time would give the difference of longitude, with a precision not far short of the clock corrections themselves, or of the levelling observations on which they chiefly depend. This method forms the basis of the chronometer expedition, of which extensive and successful use was made by Robert Treat Paine, Esq., in the Massachusetts survey.

It is in the same manner that the observatories of Liverpool, England, and of Cambridge, New England, have been connected together by William Cranch Bond, Esq., by means of the chronometers of the Liverpool steamers.

But the magnetic telegraph method dispenses with the transportation of chronometers, and only transports the essential portion, viz. the clock beat itself.

The practised observer can readily strike on his key with such precision that the most delicate ear cannot distinguish any want of accord between the clock beats and the key beats. This method of beating time resembles the process of the leader of an orchestra.

So far, then, as the giving of signals is concerned, no error need be apprehended. But the party who, at another observatory, receives this signal and enters the clock time of it, according to the best of his judgment, is liable to three separate and independent sources of error.

The *first* is in the time (if any) employed by the electro-magnetic fluid or wave, in traversing, for instance, the two hundred and fifty miles of the wire that connects the Washington and Jersey City observatories.

The *second* is the time that elapses after the fluid or wave has traversed the interval and commenced the induction of magnetic action in the receiving magnet, and before it brings up the armature, and causes an armature beat that is recorded by the receiving observer.

The *third* is the error committed by the receiving observer, in noting the fraction of a second between the clock beats preceding and following his armature beat.

From this enumeration of the sources of error, it appears that, when we take the mean of the two values for the longitude between two observatories by the *eastern* and the *western* signals, the result requires four corrections:—one is for the difference, or personal equation, of the *clock corrections*; one is for that of *clock notings*; a third is for that of circuit time (astronomically, *aberration time*); and a fourth for that of *armature time*.

The first two corrections are ascertained by bringing the two observers together. The sum of the other two may be obtained by subtracting the longitude by *eastern* signals, from the longitude by *western* signals. Half the remainder is the sum of the two *circuit times* and of the two *armature times*.

Now, the more the experiments are repeated, and the greater the care bestowed on them, the more nearly does the sum of these four errors approach to nothing. The conclusion from this circumstance is irresistible, that if the sum of these two pairs of quantities (all positive) is inappreciable, the difference between the two similar individuals of these pairs is, for a stronger reason, insensible.

The number of clock signals transmitted along the line is about a thousand; the number of clock notings for signals, and for personal equations, is about five thousand. It appears from a discussion of them, as might have been expected beforehand, that this method of determining geographical longitude between the stations of a trigonometrical survey, first put in successful practice by Dr. Bache, is free from all appreciable sources of constant error; and that sufficient multiplication of the nights of observation (those of 1846 include eleven nights), must give to the astronomical department of the United

States coast survey a precision which, for want of such a method, no other nation has attained.

Previous to the application of Morse's telegraph to purposes of geodesy by Dr. Bache (with the exception of Robert Treat Paine's station in New England), hardly two points in America, out of sight of each other, could be relied upon for longitudes obtained by astronomical methods within a thousand feet. After its free use in the United States coast survey, it may happen that this uncertainty of a thousand feet may be reduced below a hundred—a degree of precision hardly attained to by any two observatories in Europe. W.—*Washington Union.*

Glimpses of Books.

OUR readers, we are persuaded, will not quarrel with us for giving the space usually illustrated with greater variety, under this head in the "Literary World," to the following abstract of SCHEIBLE's new biography of a famous character in imaginative literature. The preliminary remarks of the "London Atlas," to which journal we are indebted, in the principal, are, of themselves, alike suggestive and valuable.

There is this resemblance between the tale of Don Juan and that of Faust, that a career of impiety is terminated by the visible appearance of the devil, who comes in person to destroy the sinner. There is also the resemblance in the fate of the two legends, that both of them are imprinted on the minds of all civilized Europe, while neither of them can be traced to individual invention. Numerous as are the stories in which the evil principle appears in manifest connexion with man, there is none that has attained that universal celebrity which belongs to the histories of the German doctor and the Spanish libertine. Both have found their permanent home in Germany, for while Faust and Don Juan have been the heroes of many German puppet-shows, the former received his last crown of immortality from the hand of a German poet; and the latter was made undying by a German composer.

Speculators on these stories draw the ingenious conclusion that while two kinds of impiety are represented in the two heroes, Faust is essentially the child of Protestantism, while Don Juan is the legitimate offspring of Catholicism. That spirit of free inquiry which produced the Reformation, and has since resulted in consequences which the reformers never contemplated, is, according to this view, personified in Faust, who admits no limit to human knowledge, and whose presumption in this respect brings him to destruction. Don Juan, on the other hand, represents no speculative audacity, but the opposition of sensual inclination to the precepts of Christianity. In a country where speculative opinions were rife, the contest of the Church would be against the pretensions of the human intellect, whereas in a land where the truth of a certain religious doctrine was received as a matter of course, the battle would only be with the sinful propensities of the natural man. In accordance with this theory, the great crime of Don Juan consists in his refusal to repent even when summoned by supernatural agent. For the Christian Church, and most visibly the Catholic, offers repentance as a means of avoiding the penalty attached to a sinful course of life, and hence, in refusing to accept this condition of pardon, Don Juan exhibits the spirit of defiance to the church, elevated to the highest degree. The distinction between the characters has, however, not always been observed. In the oldest Faust-book the inordinate love of knowledge is, indeed, made the cause of the Doctor's transgression; but Widman, who wrote the more popular book, makes a love of earthly enjoyment the cause that Faust studies magic. Goethe, it will be remembered, though he makes the love of knowledge the starting point, soon, by the

episode of Gretchen, which he has invented, makes his hero a sort of Don Juan.

The stories of both these transgressors, however offensive some of the details may be to religious persons, are, after all, so far on the side of the church, that the antagonistic principle is brought to destruction. And herein lies the great difference of these foreign tales from that of our own puppet-show worthy—Punch—which is, without exception, the most irreligious tale ever devised. Here, after a series of atrocities, the devil appears as the instrument of divine wrath, but is actually destroyed by the English libertine, so that vice remains exulting in its triumph over all powers human and supernatural. "Punch" is regarded by us as such a mere childish exhibition, and the tale is accepted as such a matter of course, that we pass it over without reflection: but it is natural that a catastrophe so singular should appear surprising to the Germans, who have not been brought up in the "Punch" faith. Indeed, if some Byronic poet made the English puppet-show the theme of a really artistic work—just as Goethe used the Faust puppet-show—he would produce a poem which, for impiety, could not find a parallel, except, perhaps, in the "Guerre des Dieux" of Parny.

The materials for a history of Don Juan are indeed very scanty. The Spanish dramatist, Gabriel Tellez, better known by the *sobriquet* of "Tirso de Molina," first represented him on the stage, but we have no antecedent story that exists in anything like a complete form. There is, in fact, no Juan-book corresponding to a Faust-book. The Spaniards know rather more about his family than about himself, for it is recorded he was the son of Don Alfonzo Jufre Tenorio, a distinguished admiral in the service of Alfonzo XI., of Castile. This admiral was killed in a battle of Trafalgar. His fleet, consisting of twenty-seven sail, had been forced to engage seventy Moorish ships in consequence of a remark uttered by the King, that if the unbelievers came off unscathed it would be the fault of the admiral alone. Nettled by this exceedingly unpleasant observation, old Tenorio engaged the enemy almost alone. In courage he rivalled Witherington of Chevy-chase celebrity, for, having already lost his leg, he died fighting with his sword in one hand and his flag in the other. He left, by his wife Elvira, several children. The eldest of them, Alfonzo Jufre, was appointed by Pedro the Cruel, the legitimate son and successor of King Alfonzo, alquazil of the gate of Visagra in Toledo. Garcia, his brother, took the side of the illegitimate, and ultimately victorious, Henry of Trastamara, but was sacrificed by him to the vengeance of Pedro. Theresa, their sister, inhabited the palace at Seville, which had been granted to the Tenorio family from the time when the city was taken from the Moors, but she was deprived of it by Pedro, with characteristic severity, because she had spoken ill of the king. The palace was then given to the nuns of San Leandro, who built a convent, which is yet standing. Our hero, Don Juan, was the youngest son of the admiral, and was born at Seville. He was his father's favorite, and a companion of the King Pedro, the intimacy being probably furthered by the circumstance that he was related to the king's mistress, the famous Maria Padilla. The king made him *repostero*, or head-butler, and elevated him to the rank of "Knight of the Banda," one of the oldest orders, and founded by Alfonzo XI. In a list of the knights of the *Banda* the arms of the Tenorios are, we believe, still found—or, a lion salient, *gules*, surmounted by a pale, chequy. A story is told of the king and his favorite which is not very creditable to either of them. Don Pedro's chief treasurer was a rich and educated Jew, named Levi. Of this man the two riotous youths made use until they had exhausted his money, and then they handed him over to a cruel death.

So far goes what may be called the regular history; but this leaves us fearfully short, since not a word is mentioned of the circumstance that

really characterizes the story of this particular libertine. Don Juan, without the statue, is shorn of nearly everything, and hence we never can recognise any affinity between the hero of Byron's poem and the old ribald. One of the German investigators in Scheible's book—perhaps Scheible himself—remarks with great *naïveté*, that the Byronic personages, Don Jose, Donna Inez, and Donna Julia, are a pure invention. The good man! Did he expect to catch these amusing people in some Spanish chronicle? We wonder he did not go to work to find what the Empress Catherine of Russia was doing in the time of Pedro the Cruel.

When history falls short, tradition comes a little to the rescue. It seems that in Seville is still standing a fragment of an old consular statue, which is known by the name of the "stone guest." This is seeing land. The indefatigable Scheible—may his shadow never be less, and may his *Kloster* go on *ad infinitum*—gave a friend who had many connexions in Spain, the job of writing to Madrid to learn all that could be learned about Don Juan, and received the following communication:—

"The intelligence which I have attained in answer to my question as to any writings about Don Juan has proved but unsatisfactory. My friend could get no actual documents about this tradition, and writes me that there is only a superficial mention of it in some Spanish and Andalusian chronicles. This Don Juan was of the old Seville family Tenorio, a profligate and libertine of the first water, and is said to have murdered the governor of Seville, who came in his way in the course of a love-adventure. The bust or stone statue of the governor was set up in a chapel of the convent of San Francisco in Seville, and Don Juan, at the instance of the governor's family, who sought revenge, was lured into the convent, and murdered by the monks. The monks now gave out that Don Juan had blasphemed before the statue in the chapel, and that the devil had, therefore, taken him away. The Spanish dramatist, Tirso de Molina, first used this subject for one of his pieces, called *El Burlador de Sevilla y Comidado de Piedra* (the Ribald of Seville, or the Stone Guest)."

Another scrap of intelligence received by Herr Scheible was the following:—

"As for Don Juan Tenorio, there is nothing historical about him. The legend of Don Juan was kept up in Seville by *oral* tradition, until Tirso de Molina for the first time made a dramatic use of the subject."

Don Eugenio de Ochoa, the editor of the *Teatro Espanol*, published by Baudry of Paris in 1838, in which he has reprinted Tirso's play, makes an historical statement in the introduction, which nearly corresponds to the above, and which he professes to have found in the Seville chronicles. The murdered man is named as the "Commendador Ulloa," and Don Ochoa says that he believes the Tenorio family still exists at Seville.

A book of travels, *Lewald's Europa*, cited by Dr. Kahlert, whose treatise in the *Tieihafen* of 1841 is the source of much historical information on the subject of Don Juan, contains a description, under the head of "Letters from Madrid," which seems to render the memory of the great libertine much more vivid than might be supposed from the foregoing. The date of the book is 1837.

"On Shrove-Tuesday, this Don Juan, dressed from head to foot in white, wrapped up in the old Spanish mantle, with the feathered cap on his head, and kneeling on a white cushion, is carried in solemn procession by four men in the place of the bull-fights, and in this fashion goes through the Prado. It almost seems as if the old sinner had not quite fulfilled the measure of his penance, and was obliged by this supplementary punishment to atone for the scandal of his life."

"A second and still more inexplicable ceremony takes place on Ash Wednesday. A man dressed in black, lying on his back with his feet tied together, and to all appearance dead, is car-

ried about on a bier. Between his folded hands he holds a sardine (anchovy); he is followed by many taper-bearers, innumerable priests accompany the corpse and murmur prayers. With great solemnity the procession goes to a canal, situated half a league from Madrid. Here it halts, the deceased becomes alive again, and the afterpart of the day is consumed in drinking. This is called 'Enterrar la sardina' (burying the sardine). I asked the origin of this custom, and received as an answer, that 'such was the usage; ' when I further asked 'why?' I only got the clever reply, 'So it is.' It may easily be imagined that after such a peremptory explanation I could get no further, and that I am satisfied in communicating it, just as I obtained it, to my readers and the ingenious novel writers, who, from this popular custom, may easily fabricate a terrific legend about the devil."

The second description we quoted simply because it followed close upon the other, and we thought it entertaining; but the first is the important one for our purpose, seeing that it makes our estimable Don Juan the veritable Guy Fawkes of Madrid. Now is this a traveller's tale or did not Herr Scheible's Spanish friends look sharp enough? Fancy some Leipzig investigator writing to London to know if by remote possibility any one had ever heard of a gentleman of the Catholic persuasion named Guido Fawkes, and receiving for an answer that there was some obscure notion of a person of the sort existing in the 17th century, who was rather violent in his political opinions!

The French author, Prosper Merimée, in the introduction to his tale, *Les Ames du Purgatoire*—said tale is translated into German, and published by the unwearyed Scheible in the inexhaustible "Kloster," *vivat* Scheible—this same Merimée rather mystifies the concern by his elucidations. According to his information our Don Juan tumbles into two—Tenorio and Maranna (who does not recollect the play by Dumas?). Any one in Seville may see the house of Tenorio, who seems to be the real Simon Impure, and in the church of Misericordia is the grave of the Maranna, with the really touching inscription: "Here lies the worst man who ever lived on earth." Merimée's Cicerone told him that Don Juan had made very singular proposals to the "Giralda" (weather-cock), a curious brazen figure on the Moorish steeple of the principal church. Provoking Cicerone! he did not tell him *which* Don Juan. Of course we, who are of the orthodox faith, stick to the Tenorio, and love not these Maranna intrusions. The same Cicerone, however, in some measure compensated for his omission, since he told a very diverting story about the Don Juan (T. or M.). Being, *tant soit peu*, the worse for drinking, our friend went out walking on the left bank of the Guadaluiver, and—reasonably enough—asked a gentleman on the right bank, who happened to be smoking a cigar, to give him a light. The gentleman was no other than the devil himself, and actually did stretch his arm, cigar and all, across the river. Had Don Juan been a good boy, he would have been alarmed at this exhibition; but no!—he availed himself of the opportunity, and lit his own cigar, without so much as blinking.

Now, diverting as this story is, and much as it resembles a Welsh anecdote about Morgan somebody, we do not much relish it, seeing that it does not much accord with the Tenorio, who, being a contemporary of Pedro the Cruel, could not have had much to do with tobacco, unless we suppose that the devil stretched his arm across time as well as space.

Another account given by Von Nissen in his life of Mozart (Leipzig, 1825), tends also to throw a doubt upon the identity of Don Juan. This ascribes the whole story to a Jesuit romance which appeared in Portugal under the title, *Vita et Mors Sceleratissimi Principis Joannis*. The "Principes Joannes," according to this view, does not mean any "Juan" or "John" at all, but the weak and vicious King of Portugal, Alonzo VI., about whose fate there is really some mys-

tery. He died a prisoner in the Castle of Cintra, four leagues from Lisbon; and the hypothesis which connects him with the story of Don Juan represents that he was murdered, and that the Jesuits gave out he was carried away by the devil. There appears to be no voucher for the truth of this statement, and perhaps it is but another way of narrating the murder of Tenorio by the Franciscan friars, mentioned by Ochoa and Scheible's correspondent.

We believe we have now given our readers all the obtainable information respecting Don Juan prior to his appearance on the stage. A comparison of the different ways in which he has been treated by the dramatic poets—by Molina, Molière, Thomas Corneille, Shadwell, Goldani, Ponte, &c., would take us quite into another region. We would only remark, that the old way of destroying the libertine differed from that employed by Ponte, who wrote Mozart's *libretto*. It is not at the supper in his own house, to which the stern guest comes, that he perishes in the early dramas, but he returns the statue's visit, and is destroyed in the churchyard.

Miscellany.

INGENIOUS DISCOVERY.—We read in the *Gazette des Tribunaux*:—"A person, named De —, living at Versailles, and compromised in the prosecution for cheating at play instituted against Bacon and the woman Casseneuve before the tribunal of Angers, being for some time back aware that police agents were on the look out for him in Paris, where, however, business frequently called him, generally repaired thither in disguise, and remained as short a time as possible. A few evenings back, during one of these flying visits, he thought he could perceive that a man was following him; he accordingly took a cabriolet, and drove off at full speed to the terminus of the Versailles (left bank) railway, where he soon placed himself in safety in the train that was about to start. On reaching Versailles he took a circuitous route, and at last arrived at an hotel in the Rue des Reservoirs, where he occupied a room under a false name. He had the satisfaction besides of seeing the person he had escaped from going through the street, examining all the houses, and even making inquiries here and there. All appeared perfectly safe, and De — slept soundly, without any fear of being arrested. The two next days he took care not to go out, and at last came to the conclusion that he was perfectly secure, when on the third day he heard an organ grinding in the street the newest airs. De — was impudent enough to open his window to hear better, and even to look out. Ten minutes after he was arrested, the organ player being no other than an ingenious police agent, who had been for some time on his traces, and who had discovered the street in which he lived, though not the house.

A lady engineer has at length solved the problem of a convenient and practicable communication between the passengers and guards of railway trains, in a manner exempt from most of the evils that have hitherto deterred railway men from entertaining such projects. The evil of most methods hitherto suggested has been that they *alarm* only, instead of simply communicating; and that they are of a nature liable to frequent derangement, from neglect or disuse. This invention is neither more nor less than a common talking-tube, such as many business men have in their offices to talk with their clerks in another room. This her ladyship the inventress proposes to put in every carriage of a railway train. The apparatus generally will be as follows. A common tin tube, say an inch in diameter, will pass along every carriage, say just under the roof; and at each end an India rubber pipe will continue it into the next carriage, so as to be detached with each carriage (by a bayonet joint) and attached when the train

is formed. Any eye will detect the continuity or discontinuity of the communication from the outside of the train before starting, and the India rubber will allow any flexure or extension without injury to the communication. There will thus be one continuous speaking-tube all along the train; an orifice, closed with a spring, except when in use, will be in each carriage, and the number of each carriage will be legibly inscribed on it; a similar orifice will be conveniently placed at the seat of the guard of the train. Each passenger can thus address to the guard any communication that may be required. There is this difference between this mode of communication and the alarms proposed, that instead of a vague alarm being given, a specific message is communicated, and the guard is left the option of complying with the request or declining, so as to use his discretion coolly with a full knowledge of the circumstances. There are sundry matters of convenience to be attended to in this before it is practically quite perfect; but we think our lady correspondent has hit the simplest method, and the least objectionable.—*Railway Chronicle*.

The Archbishop of Dublin, who knows as well as any one how "desipere in loco," teased by some pedantic grammarian, challenged his tormentor to decline the commonest noun—"cat," for example. The pedant contemptuously proceeded—

"Nominative—a cat, or the cat.
Genitive—of a cat, or &c.
Dative—to or for a cat, or &c.
Vocative—O cat!"

"Wrong," interrupted the Archbishop: "puss is the *vocative* of cat through all the United Kingdom, and wherever else the Teutonic dialects are spoken."—*Standard*.

On the morning of Sunday week, several inhabitants of Shrewsbury who were walking in the Quarry perceived one of the ducks which are in the habit of taking a bath in the ford below the Welsh Bridge, floating down the stream in a manner which plainly showed that "something was the matter." The poor duck was flapping its wings, with its head under the water. Mr. Craig, solicitor, who was walking in the Quarry, called to the boy who ferries over the boat belonging to Mr. Evans to look after the duck. He jumped into a skiff, which he paddled into the centre of the stream; and on pulling up the duck, its head was found gorged in the throat of an enormous pike, at least six pounds weight; who, however, had an objection to fresh air, and instead of allowing itself to be an out-water tenant, slipped back to its watery element, after disgorging the head of the duck, who is now doing well.—*Shrewsbury Chronicle*.

This paragraph is going the round of the papers, under the head of "Strange Insurance."—"A well-known actor on the Edinburgh stage entered into an engagement with Jenny Lind, securing her singing powers for the gratification of the lieges in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Perth; the terms were 400*l.* per night. When the gifted Swede was performing in England, she was taken ill; and as before that event considerable preparatory expense had been incurred in Scotland, the speculator became rather alarmed, and accordingly insured the life of Jenny Lind for six weeks, for 1,000*l.* The only effect of this step was to reduce the gross profits of her visit by a twenty-pound note."

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.—We learn from the Boston papers that the course of lectures before this institution commenced with an introductory by the Hon. Geo. P. Marsh, and a poem by Epes Sargent, Esq. Mr. Marsh's discourse was a learned and luminous consideration of History, viewed in respect to the principles on which it had been written, and to the higher and broader principles on which it should be written. Of the new poem introduced at the

same time to the public the Boston Courier says:—

Mr. Sargent's poem was a beautiful and brilliant production, covering a wide ground of thought and feeling, and evincing a happy combination of humor, satire, sense, and poetic power. The diction was pitched in a conversational tone, eminently suited for an occasional poem, and was as various as the subject demanded, gliding gracefully from the mirthful to the serious, and above all, held together by the strictest unity of thought and object. It was very cordially received, and when published will sustain the author's high reputation. The subject was Intolerance. The poem was very gracefully delivered, in a clear, sweet tone, which was distinctly audible all over the house. The closing impersonations of Love, Hope, and Charity, were exceedingly beautiful and appropriate.

EXCAVATIONS IN POMPEII.—The political state of Italy has lately engrossed so much attention, that little time has been found for its antiquities. Since the discovery of the 47 gold coins, and more than 250 silver coins, together with gemmed ear-rings, necklaces and collars, pearls, and costly rings, a dwelling house has been excavated near *della Fortuna*, which surpasses in richness and elegance all that has been hitherto discovered. The open Vestibule is paved with mosaics, the walls decorated with tasteful paintings. The Atrium opens into the Tablinum and the reception room, and the latter leads into the dining room, which is painted with mythological subjects, the size of life. Here were several triclinic couches, not unlike our modern sofas, richly ornamented with silver. The reception room looks into a garden with a beautiful fountain adorned with numerous mosaics and a small statue of Silenus; the basin is surrounded with the most exquisite sculptures in marble. Adjoining the dwelling is another four-wheeled carriage, with iron wheels and many bronze ornaments. In the kitchen also, are many ornaments and utensils of bronze, and the traces of smoke are visible in many places, after the lapse of 18 centuries. The apartments of the dwelling-house contained numerous elegant utensils of gold and silver, vases, candelabra, bronze coins, several cases of surgical instruments, &c. What is extremely rare is, that there is a second and even a third story, which are ascended by a wide flight of stairs. On a small painting near the staircase is the name and rank of the owner, in scarcely legible characters; and from which it appears that he was one of the Decuri or Senators of Pompeii. All the walls and the rooms are ornamented with comic and tragic paintings, one of which represents a young girl, with a mask and a flageolet. Hence the house has received the name of *casa della Sonatrice*, or *casa dell' Ercole ubriaco*. This is the most recent excavation in Pompeii.—*Literary Gazette.*

Leopold de Meyer, who has returned to Berlin from America, gave a hundred and seventy-five concerts in the course of his tour. This is doing a great stroke of business. The young Calmuck pianist, Rubenstein, a Paris journal states, sets off shortly to offer his wares at the same market.

Professor Schonbein, the inventor of gun-cotton, is said to have discovered a material almost equivalent to malleable glass. He renders *papier maché* transparent by a peculiar process, and manufactures it into window panes, vases, bottles, &c., perfectly impermeable to water, and which may be dropped on the ground without breaking.

A rich collection of Hebrew books, consisting of five thousand printed volumes and eight hundred manuscripts, forming the library of M. Michel, of Hamburg, has been purchased by the British Museum.

AUTUMN SNOW.

ALL day the streaming roofs and swimming
ground
Have shed, or drunk the plenteous autumn
rains;
All day the heavy-laden skies have frowned,
And weary eyes have dozed with slumberous
sound;
While gazing idly at the sullen plains—
Or, waked to watch the thousand vivid stains
That dye the far-off frost-enkindled woods,
And fire the way-side trees, whose foliage
drips,
Like bathing birds with crimson feather-tips.
Lo! suddenly a whiter darkness broods,
And floating snow succeeds the plashing floods:
The monstrous flakes seem large as wafted
ships—
Or, like a white-winged angel throng they
fall;—
Alas! how can we mortals entertain ye all!
H. W. B.

H. W. P.

PUNISHING ALL PARTIES.—On the 20th ult., the Hamburg merchantman, the "Indépendance," Captain Schaecht, arrived at Hamburg from New York. Among her crew, of thirty men, was a free negro named Prim, who was the butt of the rest of the sailors. They made him believe that the captain intended to throw him overboard, and leave him to be drowned. In a spirit of revenge Prim got a hatchet, and stealing into the cabin during the night struck the captain with it; but he wounded him so slightly that he was able to get up, overpower the black, and have him pinioned and thrown into the pigstye, where he remained cramped up till the ship arrived in port, when Captain Schaecht delivered him up to justice, and prosecuted him for an attempt to murder. Prim, on the other hand, laid a complaint against the captain and crew for ill-treatment. The double trial came to a hearing on the 7th, the result of which was that Prim was sentenced to confinement with hard labor for twelve months, the captain to simple imprisonment for six months, and the crew to the like punishment for one, two, and three months, for promoting the animosity of Prim by their false representation.

SUBSTITUTE FOR GLASS.—Professor Schonbein is stated to have discovered a method for making *papier maché* transparent and an unbreakable substitute for glass.

Donizetti, with his physician, and accompanied by his brother and his nephew, a few weeks ago, left Paris for Bergamo. He was born in September, 1799, and from 1819 to 1844 has produced over sixty operas.

M. Arago states that there is in Siberia an entire district where, during the winter, the sky is constantly clear, and where a single particle of snow never falls.

The late foreign journals notice the death of the distinguished Marquis Castellane. He was a young man of great honor and integrity, and allied to most of the influential families of France. He married the niece of Prince Talleyrand, Mademoiselle Pauline de Perigord, who brought him in marriage the estate of Pont de Sains, and much of the enormous wealth of which the prince died possessed. M. de Castellane's influence was more, however, in promise than in performance—his interpolation of Monsieur Ledru Rollin, on his first nomination to the Chamber, is the only successful *soutie* which marked his career, while his contemptuous treatment of Alexandre Dumas destroyed much of the popularity which he had acquired on that occasion. The affectation of avoiding the *name* of that gentleman, while calling on the Minister of Marine for an explanation of his conduct, in having given up a sloop-of-war to the service of the popular author—his persistence throughout the whole of his harangue in calling him “*ce*—

Monsieur," was felt by all parties to be a proof of violent weakness, totally at variance with the *progrès du jour*, and drew down upon himself much of the discredit he had sought to cast upon the public idol.

A CHRISTMAS PIE.—In the centre stood, or rather towered, a vast pie, which was surrounded with minor attractions, such as tongues, fowls, collars, and marmalades, just as a great planet is attended by a body-guard of satellites. But as Jupiter excels his moons, so did that pie surpass collars, fowls, and tongues in magnitude and glory. That was a pie indeed!—a subject for hymn and history, a pie to be held in such reverence as Mohammedans pay the Caaba, or Christians the chapel of Loretto. Evidently the production of a great artist, a Palladio of pastry, or a Wren of cooks. It was more an Acropolis or a temple than a pie, worthy of being served to a Lord Abbot, amidst anthems; not made to be opened with knife of Sheffield, but carved with a blade of Toledo or Damascus. It might have been considered as a poem, a composition of talent and turkeys, of genius and grouse. Into such a pie was it that Bion, the philosopher, wished himself metamorphosed, that wisdom, in his form, might captivate the sons of men. Stubbles had been thrashed, covers ransacked, woods depopulated, and preserves destroyed, to furnish forth its mighty concave. It was a pie under whose dome you would have wished to live, or been content to die.—*Bachelor of the Albany.*

The *London Times* recounts a truly "extraordinary instance of the application of the electric telegraph," at the London Bridge terminus of the South-eastern Railway, on Thursday.

" Hutchings, the man found guilty and sentenced to death for poisoning his wife, was to have been executed at Maidstone Jail at twelve o'clock. Shortly before the appointed hour for carrying the sentence into effect, a message was received at the London Bridge terminus from the Home Office, requesting that an order should be sent by the electric telegraph instructing the Under-Sheriff at Maidstone to stay the execution two hours. By the agency of the electric telegraph the communication was received at Maidstone with the usual rapidity; and the execution was for a time stayed. It seems that the Under-Secretary of State had been in conference with a gentleman who had interested himself in the case, and a re-examination of the evidence was humanely determined on; pending the consultation, the Under-Secretary ordered the temporary respite. Shortly after the transmission of the order deferring the execution for two hours, a messenger from the Home Office conveyed to the railway the Secretary of State's order that the law was to take its course, and that the culprit was to be at once executed. As we have heard it stated, Mr. Macgregor, Chairman of the South-Eastern Railway, happened to be at the terminus when this order arrived. The telegraph clerk hesitated in sending such a message without instructions; and the propriety of transmitting it was accordingly submitted to Mr. Macgregor. The messenger from the Home Office could not be certain that the order for Hutchings's execution was signed by the Home Secretary, although it bore his name; and Mr. Macgregor, with great judgment and humanity, instantly decided that it was not a sufficient authority on such a momentous matter.

" It now became the duty of Mr. James Walter, the chief superintendent of the South-Eastern Railway, to see the Home Secretary on the subject of the message : Mr. Walter proceeded to Downing street, and stated to Sir Denis le Marchant, the Under-Secretary of State, that the Railway Company, in being required to deal with such a matter as a man's execution, must have the signature of the order affixed in the presence of their responsible officer : that the second telegraphic message was in fact a death-warrant, and that Mr. Walter must have

undoubted evidence of its correctness. On Mr. Walter drawing the attention of the Secretary of State to the fact that the transmission of such a message was, in effect, to make him the Sheriff, the conduct of the Railway Company in requiring unquestionable evidence and authority was warmly approved. The proper signature was affixed in Mr. Walter's presence; and the telegraph then conveyed to the sad criminal news that the suspension of the awful sentence was only temporary. Hutchings was executed soon after it reached Maidstone.

An extraordinary sensation was created in Maidstone. It was generally believed that the man would not be hanged. The Sheriff delayed the execution the full time of two hours, and did not get the second mandate, ordering the execution, until after the expiration of the time. This was in consequence of the wires being engaged in transmitting a message from the Sheriff to the Home Office, so that the Secretary of State's order could not pass through until the Sheriff's conversation had ended. We believe this is the first instance of the employment of the electric telegraph on such a service."

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—HATCHER'S IMPROVEMENTS—The specification of a patent was enrolled in London on the 23d of September last by Mr. Hatcher, for three several improvements in telegraphing. The first consists "in arranging and disposing of magnets in such a way that when an electric current is transmitted them, a *step by step* motion is communicated to the machinery with which they are connected; which motion may be employed in either turning an index-hand, so as to point out letters, words, or symbols, on a dial-plate, or in turning the dial-plate itself." The second improvement relates to the means of forming the metallic connexion between wires through which electric currents are transmitted, particularly where such connexions have to be frequently made and broken—and the third, is in the regulation of the time of a number of clocks or time-keepers. The full description, and the engravings which illustrate and more clearly explain the working of these improvements, the reader will find in the "London Mechanics' Magazine" for October, 357, at the American and the Mechanics' Institutes in this city. For the last eight or nine months there have been petitions before the Legislature at Albany, and there is now also a bill allowing to such patentees in this country as can make new improvements in telegraphing, the right of way. We trust the injustice will not be done of refusing them equal rights by a neglect of the bill.

The piers at the foot of the Park were erected with great ceremony about a quarter of a century ago. In one of them was deposited a tin box hermetically sealed, by the celebrated Dr. Mitchell, which contained the newspapers of the day, specimens of American coin, the Doctor's pipe, &c., and some article which was to remain a secret for twenty-one years. We are not aware that the secret was ever divulged, but as the piers are now about being taken down, we suppose that the box will be opened. The round balls on the piers were brought from Egypt by one of the Government vessels, and we believe that Philip Hone, Esq., presented them to the City.

AN AMERICAN NEWSPAPER IN LONDON—The London correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* says:—

"An able and impartial American journal is wanted in London. None of the newspapers printed there at present will open their columns for communications at sufficient length on American affairs; none of them will allow American subjects to be freely and fully discussed. Now is the time for the undertaking to be commenced. The editor must not be either thin-skinned or quarrelsome. Such a person who has courage

enough to persevere in the midst of difficulties, and *capital* enough to await perhaps tardy remuneration, could not fail of success, and would accomplish great good to both countries, by making each better acquainted with the other. Surely the thing is worth serious thought—it is really of serious importance."

The *New York Mirror* thus comments on the above:—

"Courage enough and capital enough! Two enoughs which will not be found coupled during the present century. A capitalist having courage enough to embark in an undertaking which would never return him a dividend cannot be found nowadays. It is easy enough to establish an English paper in New York, but publishing an American paper in London would be found a very different matter. If Englishmen were as fond of reading about America as Americans are of reading about England, there would be no great difficulty in publishing an American newspaper in London. Before the thing is attempted, it will be better to establish an American Journal in New York."

A young Arab singer instructed in music by a military band master, has appeared on the stage at Algiers with great success in *Donizetti's Favorite*. He possesses an extraordinary voice, and acts and sings with passion. The author of *Eothen* describes the Arab in the following terms:—"His gait is strangely majestic, and he marches along with his simple blanket as though he were wearing the purple. His common talk is a series of piercing screams and cries, more painful to the ear than the most excruciating fine music that I ever endured." This description seems rather favorable to dramatic but not to vocal talent.

Donizetti has been now for some time released from the hospital for the insane, and placed under the care of his nephew. The paralytic attack under which he labors has not totally destroyed his sensibility to music. On having the pianoforte played to him a few weeks since, he was observed to beat the time with his foot. The melancholy and, we fear, hopeless condition of the composer, has at least all the alleviation that sympathy can bestow.

VISIT OF THE "PRINCETON" TO THE BIRTH-PLACE OF COLUMBUS—The U. S. Steamer *Princeton* visited the port of Genoa in September last, when a most interesting scene took place; a salute was fired for every State in the Union; while the party from the *Princeton* were standing in the room where Columbus was born, it was proposed to erect a bust to him, to be placed in the church where he was baptized, and which at the time was ringing out a merry peal in honor of their strange visitors. The proposal was received with universal exclamations of joy, and on the spot the resolutions were adopted, every sailor on board the *Princeton* contributed.

We gather the above interesting facts from a letter in the "Union," from an officer on board the *Princeton*.

At a late concert of Liszt, given in the theatre of Jaffy, he played alternately on two pianofortes—one by Streicher of Vienna, the other by Erard of Paris. The public were so much struck by the superiority of Streicher's pianoforte in clearness, roundness, and beauty of tone, that they regretted he had not used it in every instance. This testimony in favor of the pianofortes of Vienna is interesting—their qualities not being well understood in England.

The Russian biography of Mozart by Oulibischoff, published at Moscow two years ago, has been translated into German.

The statue of Gluck, by the Bavarian sculptor, Brugger, is to be erected in the Odensplatz at Munich.

In several French regiments an attempt is making to improve the military music by introducing vocal pieces accompanied by instruments. The Germans, it is thought, will not be long in adopting this innovation.

Recent Publications.

Observations on the Aboriginal Monuments of the Mississippi Valley. By E. G. Squier. Pp. 79. Svo. New York: Bartlett & Welford.

THE above is an able and thorough dissertation; a paper from the second volume of the transactions of the Ethnological Society. It is topographical and descriptive of the mounds, fortified hills, and enclosures, found in the Western and Southern states of the Union.

The field for antiquarian research and historical speculation is, on this theme, boundless; and Mr. Squier has done himself great credit, by the skilful disposition of his materials, and the scientific spirit, discoverable throughout his *Observations*, which may be considered in the light of a preface to the important work (of Mr. Squier and Dr. Davis) to be issued under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution.

In our constant reflections on our *new*, our *young* country, we are apt to forget the impressive marks of a cultivated antiquity which these forts, enclosures, and mounds exhibit.

American antiquities is again reviving as a curious and pleasing study, and we look for new light on this subject, most interesting not only to Americans, but also to the whole world. In this new continent, maybe the elder:—in the valley of the Mississippi the site of Paradise has been conjectured, the first seat of Man, the Father of his race.

But not to consider too curiously, there is much to be learnt from inquiries of this nature, into the object and uses of these monuments: and, also, a comparison of the remains of art and mechanical inventions with those of other countries, in order to arrive at some approximation as to a theory of the past civilization and history of races, that have vanished from the face of the earth.

Besides, these remains constitute our sole antiquities, which we should cherish as heir-looms of the antiquity of the soil on which we live, where we first saw the light, and where we expect to behold it, for the last time.

The illustrations are numerous and well done.

True Politeness: the Ladies' and Gentlemen's Book of Etiquette. 24mo., 2 vols., 64 pp.: Appletons.

Two pocket manuals of a science not to be learned from books, but which, from Casa and Castiglione down to Chesterfield, and these compends, has been a favorite subject for acute remark and polished epigram. Doubtless, much good sense is displayed in these as in all books of the same class, the tendency of which is to place all persons in company on a footing of social equality, so far as a regard to fixed forms and settled rules is concerned. But as the most vulgar thing in the world is to be for ever talking about gentility, and as true gentlemen are to be distinguished by their not discussing usages, recognised by them as just and proper, we are apt to suspect, that from a certain and refined fastidiousness, coarseness may be engendered by violent contrast. Such books still possess a value for those who have mingled little in society, and particularly in that which may not be reputed the best.

James's Life of Henry IV. Harpers. Part IV.

THE concluding part of a most interesting biography, of which we spoke quite fully a few weeks since. It is much the most readable account of this period we can recollect.

Consular Cities of China. By Rev. George Smith. Harpers. Part II.

THE conclusion of the narrative tour noticed last week. The interest of the first part is sus-

tained, and the work throughout the best late book on China. Another publication announced by Wiley and Putnam, on China, by Williams, will doubtless keep up the popular interest in the subject. The brilliant lectures of Mr. Cushing and Fletcher Webster should be published, and would be received with general gratification.

Chambers's Miscellany. No. 6. Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln.

ANOTHER neat issue of this useful and entertaining popular reprint. The present number contains Zschokke's Goldmaker's Village; The Last Earl of Derwentwater; The Heroine of Siberia; Domestic Flower-Culture; Insurrection in Lyons, and the Hermit of Warkworth, with other Ballads. A pleasing mélange of fiction and history, practical art, and ballad poetry.

A Rhyme of the North Country. By A. M. Gleeman. Cincinnati.

A WESTERN Poem from a Western press. But is the author a Scot or Scandinavian (one of the two we should infer from his introductory sonnet); and is Gleeman a *nom de plume*, a professional title (there was formerly one such borne by Bards), or his veritable sire or surname?

Some fine pieces by Gallagher have given us a prejudice in favor of an honest, hearty, poetic vein extant out West, of which we trust this new volume is a genuine specimen. The author has at least facility and freedom, but whether the facility is "fatal," or his freedom is too "exclusive" or no, we leave to be judged by the readers of his volume.

Harpers' Illustrated Catalogue of Valuable Standard Works, in the several departments of General Literature. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1847.

WE had no idea, until looking over this handsome volume, that a catalogue could be made so interesting. It is evidently the work of some one who loves books for something besides their value as a commodity. On the very first page is a most delectable collection of maxims in praise of reading, gleaned from such grave authorities as Seneca, Milton, and Wordsworth. Numerous agreeable woodcuts diversify the otherwise formal aspect of the pages; and under each title are brief and comprehensive notices, in general selected from the best critical authorities. As a book of reference this volume is also quite desirable, as volumes are arranged under their respective departments, and a copious index is appended. We imagine we recognise in all this the handiwork of a literary as well as business coadjutor of the house, whose papers in the Democratic Review indicated a genuine sympathy with belles-lettres, and no little knowledge of books and their authors.

Thomson's Seasons, Illustrated by the Etching Club, has already been issued in uniform style. Milton will soon follow.

The Iron Mask. From Victor Hugo. Translated by Adolph Brenner. Pp. 93, 18mo. Graham.

ANOTHER Romance, from one of the most copious and vigorous romantic novelists of the French school. A species of literature we regret to see so popular, and which we hope may die out in company with the cheap issues of the day.

The Diamond Glee Book, No. I.

THIS is a new enterprise projected and edited by Mr. S. O. Dyer, a thorough-bred musician, and one prominently known in the musical world. His selections, in this first issue, seem to be governed by great taste, and being, moreover, entirely new to most—the Glees here presented never having previously been published in the United States, there can be little doubt the work will be generally welcomed. Part-singing has of late received much attention in England, and is, or it should become so, among

us, for nothing is more delightful, in the family circle, than the cultivation of such a refined and chastened pursuit. As this is, to our judgment, far in advance of former similar attempts, we feel constrained to invoke the especial attention of amateurs, and, indeed, all lovers of harmony, to the superior claims of this work. It is obtainable of the publisher, C. Holt, 156 Fulton street; at Burgess, Stringer, & Co.; and W. H. Graham's; also, the several music stores.

Manœuvring Mother. Philadelphia: Peterson.

THIS appears to be a history of domestic intrigue, hardly equal we suspect to the novels of Miss Edgeworth or Ferrier.

Alamanch. Harpers.

THE scene of the present tale is laid in North Carolina—new ground for native romance.

Address before the Philadelphia Athenæum. By Thomas S. Wharton, Esq.

DELIVERED at the opening of the new Hall of this Society, by order of the Directors. A discourse worthy of the orator and his subject—a history of the institution and its notabilities, the worthies of the Athenæum. The biographical sketches constitute the prominent feature of the address. A clear account is given of the Library, its state and resources; and a full description of the new edifice.

Pictorial History of England. Harpers.

THIS truly valuable publication has now reached its thirty-first number, which contains Chapter I., Book VIII., Narrative of Civil and Military Transactions, during the greater part of the Reign of Charles II.

The paper and typography of this beautiful edition are truly admirable.

Life of Bunyan. By Irah Clark, D.D. L. Colby & Co.

THE peculiar characteristic of this new biographical sketch of the immortal author of Pilgrim's Progress, is that somewhat after the manner of Michelet's Luther; it is made up chiefly by extracts from the other and less known works of the author himself. With Macaulay, we may truly say "that, though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two great creative minds. One of those minds produced Paradise Lost; the other Pilgrim's Progress."

The Baptist sect may justly boast of their great Bunyan, and in our own day, of their great Robert Hall.

Letters to Bishop Hughes. By Kirwan. Leavitt, Trow & Co.

A THEOLOGICAL brochure, including twelve letters, by a Romanist who has gone over to Protestantism, and addressed to his former bishop. In the preface, the editor, Mr. Prince, characterizes the letters as written "with the sprightly humor of an Irishman," and compares their elegance to that "of some of the most celebrated passages from the Irish bar." They were first published in the New York Observer. Fourteen thousand copies of this book are said to have been sold in two months.

It is not precisely the travels of an Irish gentleman in search of a religion, but to be placed in the same category.

The author is anonymous. But his *nom de plume* evinces some self-consideration—Kirwan, the cognomen of the celebrated Irish pulpit orator, whose eloquence is commemorated in many an anecdote of his times.

Our Army at Monterey. By T. B. Thorpe. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

A FULL narrative of the condition of the American army at Monterey, with descriptive sketches; the history of military operations preceding the battle, and a circumstantial account of the engagement. There is, besides, a careful obituary of the officers who fell, the despatches of General Taylor, and other official reports. Illustrations of the killed, wounded, and missing. Illustrated by a view of the city, and map.

Texas Rangers. By S. C. Reed, Jr. Philadelphia: G. B. Zeiber & Co.

AN account of Capt. McCulloch's company, and their brilliant operations: among them the storming of Monterey, concluding with the action at Buena Vista. Partisan leaders and able scouts are especially in request, in a war like the present, and under this head come some of the most skilful and daring of American officers, Walker, Hays, McCulloch, &c.

Mexico is the country for guerrilla warfare, on both sides, and we have the right material for it down there, as well as military talent of a different description.

Both of these relations afford excellent material for history, but are too fragmentary to be considered as pure history. It will be time enough for our Napier, a quarter of a century hence.

The Pocket Annual, 1848. Disturnell.

A CONVENIENT little affair, and better worth having than some annuals of far greater pretension. Within a small compass one has a pocket almanac, pages for memoranda and cash accounts, with army and navy lists, &c., &c., &c.

A Practical Grammar S. W. Clarke. A. S. Barnes. 12mo. pp. 212.

A NEW system, in which words, phrases, and sentences are classified according to their offices and relation to each other. Illustrated by etymological charts and diagrams. Some of the sentences, which are systematically analysed, resemble very closely certain tables of descents, to be found in old families and in treatises, on the laws of descents in the old books.

We do not see, however, that as grammars multiply, style improves. Bookmaking is essentially pouring out (especially in most of these new treatises on old subjects) *wine from old into new bottles*, as Burton has it.

Publishers' Circular.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES, FROM NOV. 27 TO DEC. 4.
ALADDIN; or, the Wonderful Lamp. 1 vol. 12mo. Illustrated. New and neat edition. (Francis & Co.) 62 cents.

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CHAMBERS'S MISCELLANY OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE. No. 7. (Gould & Co.) 25 cents.

CONVICT (THE); or, the Hypocrite Unmasked. By G. P. R. James. (Harpers.) 25 cents.

DAGUERREOTYPE (THE); A Magazine of Foreign Literature and Science. No. 1 to 8. Published every alternate week. Beautifully printed. Each No. 12¢ cents.

DURANG'S TERPSICHORE; or, Ball Room Guide. 1 very neat pocket vol. (Henry Kerno, Agent.) 25 cents.

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EDINBURGH REVIEW.—American Reprint for October. (Scott & Co.) 50 cents.

ETHEL CHURCHILL; or, The Two Brides. A Novel. By L. E. L. (Carey & Hart.) 25 cents.

GOLDSMITH'S POEMS. Most beautifully illustrated by the Etching Club. 1 handsome vol. 8vo, very neat in extra cloth. (Harpers.) \$2.50.

GREAT (THE) METROPOLIS; or, Guide to New York for 1848. New edition, greatly improved. (For sale by Henry Kerno.) 25 cents.

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW for October. (American Reprint). (L. Scott & Co.) 50 cents.

MAGAZINES FOR DECEMBER —

Mrs. Kirkland's Union Magazine. 25 cents.

Columbian Magazine. 25 cents.

Graham's Magazine. 25 cents.

Godey's Ladies Magazine. 25 cents.

Ladies' National Magazine. 18 cents.

MORNING AND EVENING MEDITATIONS for every day in the month. 1 neat vol. 12mo. (Crosby & Nichols.) 75 cents.

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES; or, Spare Hours of a Student in Paris. By A. K. Gardner, M. D. 1 neat vol. 12mo. Pp. 332. (Francis & Co.) 75 cents.

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SINBAD THE SAILOR, AND ALI PASHA; or, The Forty Thieves. New edition, illustrated. 1 very neat vol. 12mo. (Francis & Co.) 63 cents.

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"We cannot let this opportunity pass without paying a tribute to the taste and munificence of Messrs. Carey & Hart, as publishers. They have done more to develop the artistic resources of the nation, by bringing out costly editions of American authors, than any other house in the country. They have not been content, like some publishers, to reproduce English illustrations to foreign works, but have with great liberality and cultivated taste, employed our best artists to illustrate our best authors. In this way they have done as much for art as for literature, and have been the true patrons of our artists whose works would have been comparatively unknown, but for the opportunities afforded them by these enlightened publishers, to bring their productions before the public"—*N. Y. Mirror.*

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The present superb volume, in the splendor of its decorations, rivals any illustrated Annual that has ever been published in this country; and it is the more admirable, because the embellishments are from entirely original designs. The artist is J. Ackerman of this city. The beautiful illuminated title page is in itself a gem; and the illuminations of all the plates, with the beauty of the richly-colored lithographs, render the book perfectly gorgeous. The letter press is elegantly printed. We understand that eight copies of the annual were ordered by the agent of her Imperial Majesty the Empress of Russia, and were forwarded by the steamer Washington, to be distributed among the ladies of the Court. Every lady of taste ought to have her centre table ornamented with a copy of this magnificent work."—*Willis's Home Journal.*

"The very celebrated and enterprising publishers have evidently sought in this work to produce a holiday or general gift book in a style and excellence hitherto unattempted in this country; and indeed have they succeeded, 'to a charm!' The boudoir, drawing-room, or parlor that possesses this work is enriched with the most recherche publication of the season."—*Saturday Courier.*

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